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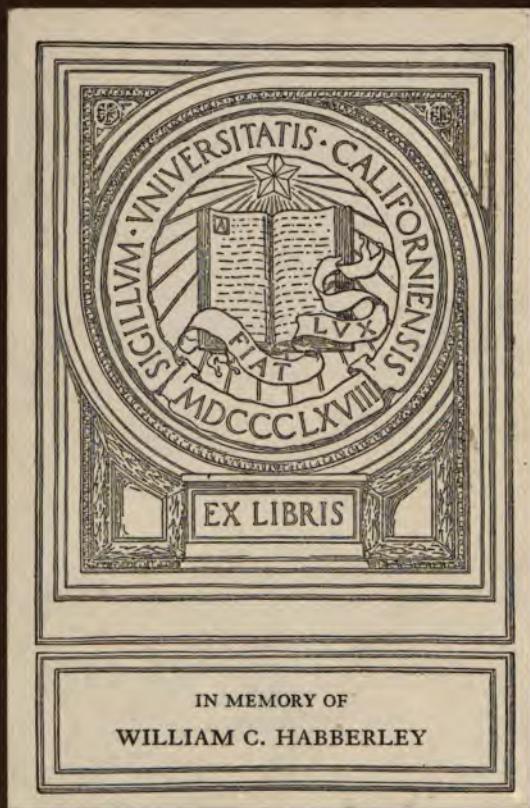


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Compliments of

W. C. Zimmerman

SCHILLER'S

Schiller, Johann W. Fr.

"The Song of the Bell,"

AND OTHER POEMS.

TRANSLATED BY

THOS. C. ZIMMERMAN.

[SECOND EDITION, 1896.]

[PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY.]

READING, PA.

1896.

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PRESERVATION

COPY ADDED

MIF 6-14-90

TO HIS DEAR FRIEND

WILLIAM M. GRISCOM, Esq.,

TO WHOSE KINDLY OFFICES

WHILE A RESIDENT OF BERLIN, GERMANY,

THE TRANSLATOR

WAS MUCH INDEBTED FOR LITERARY FAVORS,

THIS VOLUME IS

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

GIFT

Wm. C. Shoberling
(private p'ty.)

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1896

[The present volume has been reprinted to accommodate a steadily-increasing demand for the translator's rendition of "The Song of the Bell," which he has not been able to supply. A great many letters of commendation of his work, which appeared in the first edition, have been omitted in this, while a number of others, from distinguished sources, which were received after the initial volume had made its appearance, have been inserted in this. Other new matter, such as Mr. Zimmerman's address on Schiller's birthday anniversary, together with his translation of Luther's celebrated hymn, 'Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott,' and a few other translations, will also be found in this edition.]

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S



The Song of the Bell.

Vivos Voco. Mortuos Plango. Fulgura Frango.

Firmly walled in earth, and steady,
Stands the mold of well burnt clay.
Quick, now, workmen, be ye ready !
Forth must come the bell to-day !
Hot from forehead's glow
Must the sweat-drops flow,
Should the master praise be given ;
Yet the blessing comes from Heaven.

The work prepared with so much ardor
May well an earnest word become ;
When good discourse attends the labor,
Then flows employment briskly on.
Observe with care, then, what arises—
See what from feeble strength escapes ;
The man so poor, each one despises,
Who ne'er foresees the form he shapes.
'Tis this that man so well adorneth,
For mind hath he to understand
That in his inner heart he feeleth
Whate'er he fashions with his hand.

Take the wood from trunks of pine-
trees,
But well-seasoned let it be,
That th' imprisoned flame may, bursting
Strike the flue with lurid glee !
Let the copper brew !
Quick ! the tin add, too !
That the tough bell metal, flowing,
May the proper way be going.

What in this pit, with hidden power,
The hands with help of fire create,
High up in yonder belfry-tower,
Will speak of us in tones elate.
And times remote will hear it tolling,
And many an ear its sounds will thrill ;
Affliction's plaint, too, be condoling,
And help Devotion's choir to fill.
Whatever to this earthly pilgrim
This ever-changing life may bring,
Will strike upon its crown's clear metal
Whose tones will then reverb'rate ring.

Bubbles white now see I bursting ;
Good ! the mass is melting now ;
Let alkali be thrown in with it,
That will quick promote its flow.
And from dross set free
Must the mixture be, [sing,
That from the metal's unmixed sound-
Clear and full may the bell be sounding.

Vivos vivo. Mortuos plango. Fulgura frango.

Festgemauert in der Erden
Steht die Form, aus Lehm gebrannt.
Heute muß die Glocke werden !
Frisch, Gefallen, seid zur Hand !
Von der Stirne heiß
Rinnen muß der Schweiß,
Soll das Werk den Meister leben ;
Doch der Segen kommt von oben.

Zum Werk, das wir ernst bereiten,
Geizt sich wohl ein ernstes Wort ;
Wenn gute Nüden sie begleiten,
Dann flieht die Arbeit mutter fort.
So lohnt uns jetzt mit Fleiß betrachten,
Was durch die schwache Kraft entspringt,
Den schlechten Mann muß man verachten,
Der nie bedacht, was er vollbringt.
Das ist's ja, was den Menschen zieret.
Und dazu ward ihm der Verstand,
Dass er im innern Herzen spüret,
Was er erschafft mit seiner Hand.

Rehmet Holz vom Fichtenstamme,
Doch recht trocken lasst es sein,
Dass die eingepreßte Flamme
Schlage zu de'n Schwach hinein.
Kocht des Kupfers Brei !
Schnell das Brün herbei,
Dass die zähe Glodenpeise
Fleische nach der rechten Weise !

Was in des Dammes tiefer Grube
Die Hand mit Feuers Hülfe baut,
Hoch auf des Thurnes Glockenstube,
Da wird es von uns zeugen laut.
Noch dauern wird's in späten Tagen
Und röhren vieler Menschen Ihr,
Und wird mit dem Beflüchten klagen
Und stimmen zu der Andacht Chor.
Was untersteß dem Erdenobne
Das wechselnde Geschängnis bringt,
Das schlägt an die metallne Krone,
Die es erbaulich weiter klingt.

Weisse Blasen seh' ich springen ;
Wohl ! die Massen sind im Fluss.
Läßt's mit Alkensalz durchdringen,
Das beförbert schnell den Guß.
Auch vom Schaume rein,
Muß die Mischung sein,
Dass vom reinlichen Metalle
Klein und voll die Stimme schalle,

For, with its joyous, festal ringing,
It greets the child, in accents clear,
Who, wrapt in sleep, is just beginning
His earliest step in life's career.
In Time's dark womb for him reposes
A crown of thorns, a wreath of roses.
A mother guards—her love attending—
His golden morn with beauty blending—
Arrow-swiftly flies each year.
From maid the boy now proudly runneth,
With pilgrim's staff doth madly roam
Throughout the world; at last returneth
A stranger in his father's home.
And beauteous, in her youthful splendor,
Like vision from celestial skies,
With modest mien and blushes tender,
He sees the maid before his eyes.
A nameless longing, pleasure-thrilling,
Then seized the youth; alone strays he;
His eyes with copious tears are filling,
From brothers' wild sports doth he flee.
Enraptured, now, her steps he traces,
Her greeting's like a joy new-born,
The fairest flower in field embraces
Wherewith his loved one to adorn.

O sweetest hope! O tender longing!
The earliest love's first golden time!
The eye, it sees the heavens thronging
With rapt'rous sights and scenes sublime:
O that they would be never-ending,
These vernal days, with lovelight blending,

See the pipes already braw'ring!
This small bar I dip therein;
If it show a glazed coating,
Then the casting may begin.
Workmen, quickly go;
Prove the mixture's flow.
When soft and brittle fuse together,
'Tis a sign propitious ever.

For when the stern and soft are sharing,
And strength with gentleness is pairing,
The harmony is sweet and strong.
Who, therefore, would be bound forever,
Must see that hearts agree together!—
Illusion's brief, repentance long.
Lovely, in the bride's fair tresses,
Plays the virgin wreath of green,
When the merry church bells, ringing,
Summon to the joyous scene.
Ah! life's sweetest festal moments
Also end life's sunny May,
With the veil, and with the girdle,
Fond illusions fade away.
For passion will fly,
But love be surviving;
The flower must die,
The fruitage be thriving.
The man must be out
In life's battle fighting,
Be struggling and striving.

Denn mit der Freude Feierlange
Begrüßt sie das geliebte Kind
Auf seines Lebens erstem Gange,
Den es in Schlafes Arm beginnt;
Ihm ruhen noch im Seitenchocke
Die schwarzen und die helleren Locke;
Der Mutterliebe gärt die Sorgen
Bewachen seinen goldenen Morgen —
Die Jahre fliegen pfeilgeschwind.
Vom Mädchen reicht sich stolz der Knabe,
Er stürmt ins Leben wild hinaus,
Durchmischt die Welt am Wanderstabe,
Fremd lehrt er heim ins Vaterhaus.
Und herrlich in der Jugend prangen,
Wie ein Gebild aus Himmelshöhn,
Mit züchtigen, verschämten Wangen
Siebt er die Jungfrau vor sich stehn.
Da fäst ein namenloses Sehnen
Des Junglings Herz, er tritt allein,
Aus seinen Augen brechen Thränen,
Er fliebt der Brüder wilben Reih'n.
Erthobend folgt er ihren Spuren
Und ist von ihrem Gruss beglückt,
Das Schönste sucht er auf den Fluren,
Womit er seine Liebe schmückt.

O zarte Sehnsucht, süßes Hoffen!
Der ersten Liebe goldne Zeit!
Das Auge sieht den Himmel offen,
Es schwelgt das Herz in Seligkeit;
O, daß sie ewig grünen bliebe,
Die schöne Zeit der jungen Liebe!

Wie sich schon die Pfeifen kräunen!
Dieses Stäbchen tauch' ich ein,
Sehn wir's übergläst erscheinen,
Wird's zum Guse zeitig sein.
Jetzt, Gesellen, frisch!
Brüft mir das Gemüch,
Ob das Spr'che mit dem Weichen
Sich vereint zum guten Geichen.

Denn, wo das Streng' mit dem Gart'n,
Wo Startes sich und Wildes paaren,
Da giebt es einer guten Klang.
Drum prüfe, wer sich ewig bindet,
Ob sich das Herz zum Herzen findet!
Der Wahn ist kurz, die Freu' ist lang.
Lieblich in der Braute Voden
Spiel' der jung' rauliche Kranz,
Wenn die heil' Kirchenglocken
Läuten zu des Fest's Glanz.
Ach! das Lebens schönste Feier
Endigt auch den Leidensmai,
Muß dem Gürtel, mit dem Schleier
Reicht der schöne Wahn entzwei.
Die Leidenschaft flieht,
Die Liebe muß klüben;
Die Blume verblüht,
Die Fru' ht muß treiben.
Der Mann muß hinaus
Ins feindliche Leben,
Muß wirken und streben

And planting and working,
No artifice shirking,
Be risking and staking,
His fortune o'ertaking.
Then riches flow in, like a river unending,
With costliest treasures the garners are
bending; [spreads out;
The store-rooms expand, the mansion
And in it reigneth
The housewife so modest,
The gentlest of mothers,
Who wisely, sweetly,
Ruleth discreetly;
The maidens she traineth,
The boys she restraineth;
Her work ne'er decreasing
She toileth unceasing;
With well-ordered pains
She adds to the gains, [with treasure,
And fills up the sweet-scented presses
Round the spindle reels thread to its
swift-whirling measure, [until full
And hoards, in the bright-polished chest,
The linen so, snow-white, and the glisten-
ing wool; [she adds ever,
The gloss and shimmer to the good
And resteth never.

And the father, with joyful mien,
From the mansion's high, far-seeing gable
Counts his wealth in the blooming scene;
Sees the landmarks his estate surround-
ing.
And the barn's well-filled bins abounding,
And the gran'ries, with bountiful bending,
And the waving grain, its sunshine lend-
Boasting, with pride-lit face: [sing;
"Firm as the earth's own base,
'Gainst all misfortune's might,
Stands my house in stately height!"
But with Dest'ny is there, seeming,
No lasting union, interweaving,
And Misfortune strideth fast.

Good! at once begin the casting:
A jagged grain the breach presents;
But, before we set it running,
Pray some pious sentiments!
Th' tap knock out! And, Lord.
Well this house do guard!
From the smoking mold come, gushing,
Th' fire-brown wavelets onward rush'g.

How friendly is the fire's might,
When tamed by being watched aright;
And what man fashions, what creates,
From this heaven-born force he takes.
But fearful this promethean wonder,
When its fetters break asunder.
And madly leaps unchecked along!
Dame Nature's daughter, free and strong!
Woe, when once 'tis liberated,
Spreading free on every hand;

Und pflanzen und schaffen,
Erlisten, erraffen,
Muß wetten und wagen,
Das Glück zu erjagen.
Da strömet herbei die unendliche Gabe,
Es füllt sich der Speicher mit löslicher Habe,
Die Räume wachsen, es dehnt sich das Haus.
Und drinnen waltet
Die züchtige Hausfrau,
Die Mutter der Kinder,
Und herrlich weise
Im häuslichen Kreise,
Und lehret die Mädchen
Und wehret den Knaben,
Und regt ohn' Ende
Die fleißigen Hunde,
Und mehrt den Gewinn
Mit ordnendem Sinn,
Und füllt mit Schägen die duftenden Laden,
Und dreht um die schnurrende Spindel den
Faden,
Und sammelt im reinlich geglätteten Schrein
Die schimmernde Wolle, den schneigten Lein,
Und führet zum Guten den Glanz und den
Schimmer
Und ruhet nimmer.

Und der Vater mit frohem Blick,
Von des Hauses weitschauendem Giebel
Überzählt sein blühend Glück,
Siehet der Prosten ragende Bäume
Und der Scheunen gefüllte Räume
Und die Speicher, vom Segen gebogen,
Und des Kornes bewegte Wogen,
Rühmt sich mit stolzem Mund:
Fest, wie der Erbe Grund,
Gegen des Unglücks Nacht
Steht mit des Hauses Pracht!
Doch mit des Geschides Mächten
Ist kein ew'ger Bund zu flechten,
Und das Unglück schreitet schnell.

Wohl! nun kann der Guss beginnen;
Schön gezadet ist der Bruch.
Doch, bevor wir's lassen rinnen,
Betet eines frommen Spruch!
Stoßt den Zapfen aus!
Gott bewahre das Haus!
Rauchend in des Henkels Bogen
Schießt's mit feuerbraunen Wogen.

Wohlthätig ist des Feuers Macht,
Wenn sie der Mensch bezähmt, bewacht,
Und was er bildet, was er schafft,
Das dankt er dieser Himmelstraf;
Doch furchtbar wird die Himmelstraf,
Wenn sie der Fessel sich enträßt,
Einhertritt auf der eignen Spur,
Die freie Tochter der Natur.
Wehe, wenn sie losgelassen,
Wachsend ohne Widerstand,

Through the streets like fiend unsated,
Quickly moves the monstrous brand
By the elements is hated
Work that's done by human hand :

From the clouds come
Richest blessing,
Rains refreshing;
From the clouds, 'mid thunder's crash,
Lightnings flash.
Hear'st from yon spire the wild alarm?
That's the storm!
Red as blood
Are the skies;
That is not the daylight's glow.
What tumults rise
Along each street!
Up, smoke and heat.
Through the streets, with fury flaring,
Stalks the fire with fiendish glaring,
Rushing as if the whirlwind sharing!
Like the blast from furnace flashing
Glow the air, and beams are crashing,
Pillars tumbling, windows creaking,
Mothers wandering, children shrieking,
Beasts are moaning,
Running, groaning
'Neath the ruins; all are frightened,
Bright as day the night enlightened.

Through the chain of hands, extending,
Wi' zeal contending,
Flies the bucket; bow-like, soaring,
High in air the stream is pouring.
Comes the tempest, howling, roaring,
Rushing in the path of flame,
Crackling 'mid the well-dried grain,
In the gran'ry chambers falling,
'Long the well-dried rafters bawling;
As if 'twould surely tear, in blowing,
The very earth itself and bear
It upwards through the lurid air.
High as heaven the flames are growing—
Giant tall!

Hopeless, all,
Man submits to might o'erpow'ring;
Idly sees, what first seemed low'ring,
His work to sure destruction going.

All burnt out are
Town and village,
Rugged beds of the tempest's pillage.
In the hollow gaping windows
Gloom is sitting,
And the clouds, through heaven flitting,
Look within.

One look at last
Where the measure
Of his treasure
Buried lies, man turns to cast—
Then clutches he his staff with pleasure.
Whate'er the slaves took from his home,
One solace ever him consoleth:

Durch die vollsehenden Gassen
Wählz den ungeheuren Brand!
Denn die Elemente hassen
Das Gebild der Menschenhand.

Aus der Wolke
Dauert der Segen,
Stömt der Regen;
Aus der Wolke, ohne Wahl,
Zuckt der Strahl.
Hört ihr's wimmern hoch vom Thurm!
Das ist Sturm!
Roth, wie Blut,
Ist der Himmel;
Das ist nicht des Tages Gluth!
Welch Getümmel
Strafen auf!
Dampf wallt auf!
Flackernd steigt die Feuersäule,
Durch der Straße lange Zeile
Wächst es fort mit Windeszeile;
Rochend, wie aus Ofens Rachen,
Gluhn die Lüste, Balken krachen,
Bösten stürzen, Fenster kippen,
Kinder jammern, Mütter weinen,
Thiere wimmern
Unter Trümmern;
Alles rennet, rettet, flüchtet,
Taghell ist die Nacht gelichtet;

Durch der Hände lange Rette
Um die Wette
Fliegt der Eimer; hoch im Bogen
Sprüzen Quellen Wasservogen.
Heulend kommt der Sturm geslogen,
Der die Flamme brausend sucht.
Brasselnnd in die dürre Frucht
Fällt sie, in des Speichers Räume,
In der Sparren dürre Bäume,
Und als wollte sie im Wehen
Mit sich fort der Erde Wucht
Reißen in gewalt' ger Flucht,
Wächst sie in des Himmels Höhen
Hielengroß!

Hoffnungslos
Weicht der Mensch der Götterstätte,
Müsig sieht er seine Werke
Und bewundernd untergehen.

Vergebrannt
Ist die Stätte,
Wilden Stürme rauhes Bett.
In den öden Fensterhöhlen
Wohnt das Grauen,
Und des Himmels Wölken schauen
Hoch hincin...

Einen Blick
Nach dem Grabe
Seiner habe
Sendet noch der Mensch zurück—
Greift fröhlich dann zum Wanderstabe,
Was Feuers Wuth ihm auch geraubt,
Ein süßer Trost ist ihm geblieben:

He counts the heads of those he loveth,
And lo ! not one dear head is gone.

In the earth 'tis now reposing
Haply we the mold did fill;
Will the light, its form disclosing,
Thus repay our toil and skill?
Should the casting crack!
Should the matrix break!
Ah, perhaps, while hope is glowing,
Its bad work's already showing.

To earth's dark womb, our hopes pos-
sessing.

Conide we what our hands have done,
As trusts the sower the seed he's sown,
And hopes 'twill bloom into a blessing,
And bless him, then, as heaven has shown.
Yet costlier seed, in sorrow sowing,
We trembling hide in earth's dark womb,
And hope that from the coffin, growing,
A fairer form will sometime bloom.

From the steeple
Sad and strong;
Th' bell is tolling
A fun'ral song.
[Sing
Sad and slow its mournful strokes attend—
Some poor wand'rer tow'rd his last
home wending.

Ah ! the wife it is, the dear one;
Ah ! it is the faithful mother,
Whom the Prince of Shades, unheeding,
From the husband's arms is leading,
From the group of children there,
Whom she blooming to him bare;
On whose breast saw, maid and boy,
Growing with maternal joy.
Ah ! the hous-hold ties so tender,
Sundered are forevermore;
Gone into the realm of shadows
She who ruled this household o'er.
Now her faithful reign is ended,
She will need to watch no more;
In the orphaned place there ruleth
A stranger, loveless evermore.

'Till the bell be rightly coolèd,
Let us rest from toil severe.
As the bird 'mid foliage playeth,
So may each be blessed with cheer.
When stars twinkling come—
With labor's duty done—
Th' workman hears the vespers ringing,
Still to master care is clinging.

Homeward now, with joy attending,
Far in forest wild the wand'rer
Towards his loved cot is wending.
Slowly homie the sheep are winding.
And the cattle,
Broad-browed, gentle, sleek, assembling,
Come in lowing,
Their accustomed places knowing.

Er zählt die Häupter seiner Lieben,
Und sieh ! ihm fehlt kein theures Haupt.

In die Erd' ist's aufgenommen,
Glücklich ist die Form gefüllt;
Wird's auch schön zu Tage kommen,
Doch es Fleiß und Kunst vergilt?
Wenn der Guss mißlang?
Wenn die Form zerbrang?
Ah, vielleicht indem wir hoffen,
Hat uns Unheil schon getroffen.

Dem dunkeln Schoß der heil'gen Erde
Vertrauen wir der Hände That,
Vertraut der Sämann seine Saat
Und hofft, daß sie entsteinen werde
Zum Segen, nach des Himmels Rath.
Noch tödlicheren Samen bergen
Wir trauernd in der Erde Schoß
Und hoffen, daß er aus den Särgen
Erblühen soll zu schönerm Loos.

Bon dem Dome,
Schwer und bang,
Tönt die Glocke
Grabgelang.
Ernst begleiten ihre Träuerschläge
Einen Wanderer auf dem letzten Wege.

Ach ! die Gattin ist's, die theure,
Ach ! es ist die treue Mutter,
Die der schwarze Fürst der Schatten
Fegfüßt aus dem Arm des Guten,
Aus der zarten Kinder Schwär,
Die sie blühend ihm gebär,
Die sie an der treuen Brust
Wachsen sah mit Mutterlust —
Ach ! des Hauses zarte Bande
Sind gelöst auf immerdar;
Denn sie wohnt im Schattenlande,
Die des Hauses Mutter war;
Denn es fehlt ihr treues Walten,
Ihre Sorge wacht nicht mehr;
In verwahrloster Stätte ich leien
Wird die Fremde, liebeleer.

Bis die Glocke sich verküsst,
Läßt die strenge Arbeit ruhn.
Wie im Laub der Vogel spielt,
Was sich jeder gütlich thun.
Winkt der Sterne Licht,
Läßt der Pflicht,
Hört der Vögel die Vesper sch'agen;
Meister muß sich immer plagen.

Munter fördert seine Schritte
Fern im wilben Horst der Wandrer
Nach der lieben Heimathütte.
Blößend ziehen heim die Schafe,
Und der Hinter
Breitgestirnte, glatte Scharen
Kommen brüllend,
Die gewohnten Stätte füllend.

Filled with grain
Reels the wagon,
Heavy-laden,
Bright with leaves
On golden sheaves
Garlands glance,
And the youngest of the reapers
Seek the dance,
Street and market grow more silent;
Household inmates now are seeking
The cheering glow of lighted tapers,
And closing town-gates 'gain are creak-
Darkness spreadeth [ing.
O'er the landscape;
But the honest burgher dreadeth
Not the night,
Which alarm to evil spreadeth;
For the eye of Law keeps watch aright.

Holy Order, rich in blessing,
Heaven's daughter, lightly pressing,
Bindeth those of equal station,
Firmly lays the town's foundation.
Calls the savage from his wildness,
Bids him live in peace and mildness.
Into human huts she enters,
Acquainteth all with gentle manners,
And that dearest band weaves 'round us
Which to Fatherland hath bound us.

In a cheerful obligation
Thousand busy hands unite,
And in burning agitation
Forces all are brought to light.
Master stirs, and workmen, also,
When guarded well, in Freedom's cause,
Each rejoices in his station,
Defying those who break the laws.
Blessing is the prize of labor.
Work for burgher grace commands;
Kings are honored by their office,
Honored we by busy hands.

Peace, all-gentle,
Concord sweet,
Tarry, friendly,
Never from this place retreat !
May the day, too, ne'er be dawning,
When ruffian hordes of war, engaging,
Through this peaceful vale go raging;
When the heavens
Which, with evening's rosy flashes,
Softly beam,
Shall towns and cities, in their ashes,
Reflect the firelight's frightful gleam.

Instant break the mold to pieces,
It has now its part well borne,
That both heart and eye, delighted,
May behold the perfect form.

 Swing the hammer, swing,
 'Till the case shall spring.
For the bell, to sight appearing,
Must its outer shell be clearing.

Schwer heretts
Schwank der Wagen,
Kornbeladen;
Bunt von Farben,
Auf den Farben
Liegt der Kranz,
Und das junge Volk der Schnitter
Fliegt zum Tanz.
Markt und Straße werden voller;
Um des Lichts gefest'gr Flammen
Sammeln sich die Haussbewohner,
Und das Stadthor schließt sich knarrend.
Schwarz bedeket
Sich die Erde;
Doch den sichern Bürger schredet
Nicht die Nacht,
Die den Höden gräßlich wecket;
Denn das Auge des Gesetzes wad

Heil'ge Ordnung, segensreiche
Himmelstochter, die das Gleiche
Frei und leicht und freudig bindet,
Die der Städte Bau gegründet,
Die herein von den Gefilden
Kief den ungesell'gen Wilden,
Eintrat in der Menschen Hütten,
Sie gewöhnt zu sanften Sitten,
Und das theuerste der Vante
Wob, den Trieb zum Vaterlande !

Tausend fleiß'ge Hände regen,
Helfen sich in muntern Bund,
Und in feurigem Bewegen
Werden alle Kräfte kund.
Weisten ruht sich und Geselle
In der Freiheit heil'gem Schutz;
Leb' freut sich seiner Stelle,
Viertet dem Verächter Trutz.
Arbeit ist des Bürgers Bierde,
Segen ist der Mühe Preis;
Ehrt den König seine Würde,
Ehret uns der Hände Fleiß.

Holber Friebe,
Süße Eintracht,
Weile, weile
Freundlich aber dieser Stadt !
Möge nie der Tag er scheinen,
Wo des rauhen Krieges Forden
Dieses stills Thal durchlöden,
Wo der Himmel,
Den des Abends sanfte Nöthe
Lieblich malt,
Von der Dörfer, von der Städte
Wilhem Brande schrecklich strahlt !

 Num zerbrecht mir das Gebärde,
 Seine Absicht hat's erfüllt,
 Dass sich Herz und Auge weide
 An dem wohlgekündigten Bild.
 Schwing den Hanmer, schwingt,
 Bis der Mantel springt !
 Denn die Glod' soll auferstehen,
 Kuß die Form in Stücke gehn.

The master, with judicious training,
Knows when 'tis best to break the mold;
But woe! when streams of ore, all glowing,
Rush unchecked from out their hold!
Blind raging, like the thunder's crashing,
It bursts its fractured bed of earth,
As if from out hell's jaws, fierce flashing,
It spewed its flaming ruin forth.

Where forces rude are madly reigning,
There can no perfect form be framing;
When nations would themselves be free-
ing,
The common weal will soon be fleeing.

Woe, when in the heart of cities
The smouldering embers heaped-up lie,
When the people, fetters bursting,
Help themselves with savage cry!
Rebellion, at the bell's strong cable,
Sendeth out a howling sound;
Though consecrate to peace and quiet,
The tocsin rings the signal round.

“Equal’ty and Freedom!” men are
shrilling,
To arms the peaceful burghers fly,
The streets and halls with crowds are
filling,
And murd’rous bands around there lie.
Then women, to hyenas turning,
'Mid horrors mock and jeer and jest,
And tear, with panther's frenzy burning,
The heart from every hostile breast.
There's naught that's sacred more, for
breaking

Are all the bonds of pious fear,
The bad the good one's place is taking,
Vice knows no law in its career.
'Tis dangerous to wake the lion,
Destructive is the tiger's tooth,
But far more fierce, and far more fiendish,
Deluded man bereft of ruth.
Woe to them who lend the sightless
The heavenly torch to light the way!
It guides them not, it can but kindle,
And towns and lands in ashes lay.

Joy to me now God hath given!
See ye! like a golden star,
From the shell all bright and even,
Comes the metal kernel clear.
Bright the molten stream
Plays like sunny beam.
Lik' wise on th' 'scutcheon, clearing,
Is the skillful work appearing

Come in, come in!
Ye workmen all, the pit surrounding,
Baptize the bell ere it be sounding!
CONCORDIA its name shall be
To heartfelt union and adoration
May it summon all the congregation.

Der Meister kann die Form zerbrechen
Mit weiser Hand, zur rechten Zeit;
Doch wehe, wenn in Flammenbächen
Das glüh'nde Erz sich selbst befreit!
Blindwührend, mit des Donners Krachen,
Zersprengt es das geborsne Haus,
Und wie aus oftem Höllenrachen
Speit es Verderben zündend aus.

Wo rohe Kräfte sinnlos walten,
Da kann sich kein Gebild gestalten;
Wenn sich die Völker selbst befreien,
Da kann die Wohlfahrt nicht gedeihen.

Weh, wenn sich in dem Schoß der Städte
Der Feuerzunder stütz gehäuft,
Das Volk, zerreichend seine Kette,
Zur Eigenhülfe schrecklich greift!
Da zerrt an der Glocke Strängen
Der Aufruhr, das sie heulend schellt
Und, nur geweckt zu Friedenslägen,
Die Lösung anstimmt zur Gewalt.

Freiheit und Gleichheit! hört in'n' Hallen;
Der ruhige Bürger greift zur Wehr,
Die Straßen füllen sich, die Hallen,
Und Bürgerbanden ziehn unher.
Da werben Weiber zu Höhnen
Und treiben mit Entleken Scherz;
Noch zuckend, mit des Panthers Bähnen,
Bereißen sie des Feindes Herz.
Nichts Heiliges ist mehr, es lösen
Sich alle Bände frommer Scheu;

Der Gute räumt den Platz dem Bösen,
Und alle Laster walten frei.
Gefährlich ist's, den Leu zu wecken,
Verderblich ist des Tigers Zahn;
Zedoch das schrecklichste der Schrecken,
Das ist der Mensch in seinem Wahns.
Weh denen, die dem Ewigklinen
Des Liches Himmelsadel leibn!
Sie strahlt ihm nicht, sie kann nur zünden,
Und äschert Städ' und Länder ein.

Freude hat mir Gott gegeben!
Sehet! wie ein goldner Stern,
Aus der Hülle blank und eben,
Schält sich der metallne Kern.
Von dem Helm zum Kranz
Spielt's wie Sonnenglanz.
Auch des Wappens nette Schilder
Loben den erfahrenen Bildner.

Herein! herein!
Gefallen alle, schließt den Nejen,
Dass wir die Glocke tausend weihen!
Concordia soll ihr Name sein.
Zur Eintracht, zu herzinniamen Vereine
Versammle sie die liebende Gemeine.

And this henceforth its calling be,
Whereto the master set it free!
High o'er this nether world of ours,
Shall it, in heaven's azure tent,
Dwell where the pealing thunder lowers,
And border on the firmament.
It shall, too, be a voice from heaven,
Like yonder starry hosts, so clear,
Who in their course extol their Maker,
And onward lead the wreath-crowned
year.

To earnest things and things eternal,
Devoted be its metal tongue, [pinions,
And, hourly, Time, with swift-winged
Will touch it as it flieth on.
Its tongue to Dest'ny 'twill be lending;
No heart itself, from pity free
Its swinging ever be attending
Life's changeful play, whate'er it be.
And as the sound is slowly dying
That strikes with such o'erpow'ring
might,

So may it teach that naught abideth,
That all things earthly take their flight.

And now employ the cable's power,
Raise the bell from out the ground,
That in its roomy, air-built tower,
It may reach the realms of sound !
Higher, higher raise!
Now it moves, it sways!
To this city Joy revealing,
Be PEACE the first note of its pealing.

Und dies sei fortan ihr Beruf,
Wozu der Meister sie erschuf:
Hoch überm niedern Erdenleben
Soll sie im blauen Himmelzelt,
Die Nachbarin des Donners, schwelen
Und grenzen an die Sternenwelt,
Soll eine Stimme sein von oben,
Wie der Gestirne helle Schaar,
Die ihren Schöpfer wandelnd loben
Und führen das betränzte Jahr.
Nur ewigen und ernsten Dingen
Sei ihr metallner Mund geweiht,
Und stündlich mit den schnellen Schwingen
Berühr' im Fluge sie die Welt.
Dem Schicksal leise sie die Zunge,
Selbst herzlos, ohne Mitgefühl,
Begleite sie mit ihrem Schwunge
Des Lebens wechselvolles Spiel.
Und wie der Klang im Ohr vergehet,
Der mächtig tönend ihr entbehrt,
Se lehre sie, daß nichts bestet,
Dab alles Irdische verhallt.

Sezo mit der Kraft des Stranges
Wiegst die Glock' mir aus der Gruff,
Dass sie in das Reich des Klanges
Steige, in die Himmelbluft !
Ziehet, ziehet, hebt !
Sie bewegt sich, schwebt.
Freude dieser Stadt bedeute,
Friede sei ihr erst Geläute.

Miscellaneous Poems.

Sehnsucht.—The Longing.

SCHILLER.

Ach, aus dieses Thales Gründen,
Die der kalte Nebel drückt,
Könnt' ich doch den Ausgang finden,
Ach, wie fühl' ich mich beglückt !
Dort erblick' ich'schöne Hügel,
Ewig jung und ewig grün !
Hätt' ich Schwingen, hätt' ich Flügel,
Nach den Hügeln zög ich hin.

Harmoniēn hör' ich klingen,
Töne süsset Himmelsruh,
Und die leichten Winde bringen
Mir der Düfte Balsam zu.
Goldne Früchte seh' ich glühen,
Winkend zwischen dunklem Laub,
Und die Blumen, die dort blühen,
Werden keines Winters Raub.

Ach, wie schön muss sich's ergehen
Dort im ewigen Sonnenschein,
Und die Luft auf jenēn Höhen—
O, wie labend muss sie sein !
Doch mir wehrt des Stromes Toben,
Der ergrimmt dazwischen braust;
Seine Wellen sind gehoben,
Dass die Seele mir ergraust.

Einen Nachen seh' ich schwanken,
Aber, ach ! der Führmann fehlt.
Frisch hinein und ohne Wanken !
Seine Segel sind beseelt.
Du musst glauben, du musst wagen,
Wenn die Götter liehn kein Pfand ;
Nur ein Wunder kann dich tragen
In das schöne Wunderland.

Alas ! from out this lowly valley,
Which the chilly mists oppress,
Could I but the path discover,
Fill'd I'd be with happiness !
There I see yon lovely mountains,
Ever young, and green all o'er !
Had I wings, yea, had I pinions—
To the mountains would I soar.

Harmonies do I hear ringing,
Tones of heavenly rest and calm,
And the gentle winds are bringing
Wealth to me of odorous balm.
Golden fruits, too, see I glowing,
Glinting 'tween the dark green spray,
And the flowers, there now blooming,
Are no food for Winter's prey.

Ah ! in sunshine never ending
It were sweet to wander free,
And the air on yonder mountain—
How refreshing it must be !
But an angry stream confronts me,
Torrents 'twixt us furious roll,
Billows heave with dreadful menace.
Striking terror to my soul.

See ! there comes a reeling shalllop,
But, alas ! no pilot's there !
Enter in it without wav'ring !
Filled are all its sails with air.
Thou must trust, must something venture,
The gods to others pledge give ne'er ;
Naught but wonder can convey thee
To the Wonde land, so fair

Der Alpen-Jäger.—The Alpine Hunter.

SCHILLER.

Willst du nicht das Lämmlein hüten?
Lämmlein ist so fromm und sanft,
Nährt sich von des Grases Blüthen,
Spielend an des Baches Ranft.
"Mutter, Mutter, lass mich gehen,
"Jagen nach des Berges Höhen!"

Willst du nicht die Heerde locken
Mit des Hornes munterm Klang?
Lieblich tönt der Schall der Glocken
In des Waldes Lustgesang:
"Mutter, Mutter, lass mich gehen,
"Schweifen auf den wilden Höhen!"

Willst du nicht der Blümlein warten,
Die im Beete freundlich stehn?
Drausen ladet dich kein Garten;
Wild ist s auf den wilden Höh'n!
"Lass die Blümlein lass sie blühen!
"Mutter, Mutter, lass mich ziehen!"

Und der Knabe ging zu jagen,
Und es treibt und reisst ihn fort,
Rastlos fort mit blindem Wagen
An des Berges finstern Ort;
Vor ihm her mit Windesschnelle
Flieht die zitternde Gazelle.

Auf der Felsen nackte Rippen
Klettert sie mit leichtem Schwung,
Durch den Riss gespaltner Klippen
Trägt sie der gewagte Sprung:
Aber hinter ihr verwogen
Folgt er mit dem Todesbogen.

Jetzo auf den schroffen Zinken
Hängt sie auf dem höchsten Grat,
Wo die Felsen jäh versinken,
Und verschwunden ist der Pfad.
Unter sich die steile Höhe.
Hinter sich des Feindes Nähe.

Mit des Jammers stummen Blicken
Fleht sie zu dem harten Mann,
Fleht umsonst, denn loszudrücken,
Legt er schon den Bogen an;
Plötzlich aus der Felsenspalte
Tritt der Geist, der Bergesalte.

Und mit seinen Götterhänden
Schützt er das gequälte Thier.
"Musst du Tod und Jammer senden,"
Ruft er, "bis herauf zu mir?
"Raum für Alle hat die Erde;
"Was verfolgst du meine Heerde?"

Wilt thou not the lamb be heeding?
Mild and innocent its look;
Browsing on the blooming meadow,
Playing by the babbling brook;
"Mother, mother, let me fly
"Hunting on the mountain high!"

Wilt thou not the herds be 'luring
With the bugle's tones of cheer?
Charming sounds from bells commingle
With the woodland songs so clear.
"Mother, mother, roaming, I,
"Would to yonder mountain hie!"

Wilt thou please attend the flower,
In its bed so sweet and bright?
Garden none without, nor bower,
Wild 'tis on the mountain height.
"Let the flowers bloom and blow!
"Mother, mother, let me go!"

And the boy went to the mountain,
And heedless, both of time and place,
With blinded zeal that knows no resting
Thro' gloom he strides with rapid pace;
Like the wind from out the dell,
Panting, flies the swift gazelle.

On the rocky verge she climbeth
With an easy, graceful swing,
O'er the clefted rocks she leapeth
With a swift and fearless spring:
But behind her speeds the foe
Recklessly with deadly bow.

See how o'er the rock-ribbed summit
Hangs she, on the topmost height,
Where the crags sink so abruptly,
And the path is lost to sight.
Under her the precipice,
Close behind the foeman is.

At this man of stone she glances
With silent looks so full of woe,
But in vain; for he is ready
To let his deadly arrow go.
Instant from his cavern doors
Th' ancient mountain spirit soars.

And with godlike hand he guarded
This tortured creature from the foe.
"To my house must you be sending
"Death's darts," cried he, "and lasting
"Room on earth for every one, [woe?
"Why not let my flocks alone?"

Ein feste Burg.—A Rock-Bound Fortress.

MAartin LUTHER.

Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott,
Ein' gute Wehr und Waffen.
Er hilft uns frei aus aller Noth,
Die uns jetzt hat be'roffen.
Der alt' böse Feind
Mit Ernst er's jetzt meint ;
Gross' Macht und viel List,
Sein' grausam' Rüstung ist,
Auf Erd'n ist nicht sein's Gleichen.

Mit unsrer Macht ist nichts gethan,
Wir sind gar bald verloren ;
Es streit't für uns der rechte Mann,
Den Gott hat selbst erkoren.
Fragest du, wer Der ist?
Er heisst Jesus Christ,
Der Herr Zebaoth,
Und ist kein ander Gott ;
Das Feld muss Er behalten.

Und wenn die Welt voll Teufel wär
Und wollt uns gar verschlingen,
So fürchten wir uns nicht so sehr,
Es soll uns doch gelingen.
Der Fürst dieser Welt,
Wie sau'r er sich stellt,
Thut er uns doch nichts ;
Das macht, er ist gericht',
Ein Wörtlein kann ihn fällen.

Das Wort sie sollen lassen stan
Und kein'n Dank darzu haben.
Er ist bei uns wohl auf dem Plan
Mit Seinem Geist und Gaben.
Nehmen sie den Leib,
Gut, Ehr, Kind und Weib ;
Lass fahren dahin,
Sie haben's kein' n' Gewinn :
Das Reich muss uns doch bleiben !

A rock-bound fortress is our God,
A good defense and weapon.
He helps us out of every need
That doth us press or threaten.
The old, wicked foe,
With zeal now doth glow ;
Much craft and great might
Prepare him for the fight,
On earth there is none like him.

With our own strength there's nothing
We're well nigh lost, dejected ; [done,
For us doth fight the proper One,
Whom God Himself elected.
Dost ask for His name ?
Christ Jesus—the same !
The Lord of Sabaoth,
The world no other hath ;
The field must He be holding.

And were the world with devils filled,
With wish to quite devour us,
We need not be so sore afraid,
Since they can not o'erpower us.
The Prince of this World,
In madness though whirled,
Can harm you nor me,
Because adjudged is he,
A little word can sell him.

This Word shall they now let remain,
No thanks therefor attending ;
He is with us upon the plain,
His gifts and spirit lending.
Though th' body be ta'en,
Goods, child, wife and fame ;
Go—life, wealth and kin !
They yet can nothing win :
For us remaineth th' Kingdom.

Du Bist Wie Eine Blume.—Thou Art so Like a Flower.

HEINE.

Du bist wie eine Blume,
So hold und schön und rein ;
Ich schau dich an und Wehmut
Schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.

Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände
Aufs Haupt dir legen soll',
Betend, dass dich Gott erhalte,
So rein und schön und hold.

Thou art so like a flower,
So pure and bright and fair ;
I gaze on thee, and sadness
Steals on me unaware.

I feel as if o'er thee, bending,
My hands should close in pray'r ;
Praying that God may protect thee,
And keep thee pure and fair.

Des Knaben Berglied.—Shepherd Boy's Mountain Song.

UHLAND.

Ich bin vom Berg der Hirtenknab,
Seh' auf die Schlösser all herab;
Die Sonne strahlt am ersten hier,
Am längsten weitet sie bei mir;
Ich bin der Knab vom Berge !

Hier ist des Stromes Mutterhaus,
Ich trink' ihn frisch vom Stein heraus;
Er braust vom Fels in wildem Lauf,
Ich fang' ihn mit den Armen auf;
Ich bin der Knab vom Berge !

Der Berg, der ist mein Eigenthum,
Da ziehn die Stürme rings herum;
Und heulen sie von Nord und Süd,
So überschalt sie doch mein Lied :
Ich bin der Knab vom Berge !

Sind Blitz und Donner unter mir,
So steh' ich hoch im Blauen hier ;
Ich kenne sie und rufe zu :
Lass' meines Vaters Haus in Ruh !
Ich bin der Knab v. m Berge !

Und wann die Sturmgleck' einst erschallt,
Manch Feuer auf den Bergen wallt,
Dann steig' ich nieder, tret' ins Glied ;
Und schwing' mein Schwert, und sing'
mein Lied :
Ich bin der Knab vom Berge !

I am the mountain shepherd boy,
The castles all below I see,
The sun's first glimpses here are seen,
And linger longest here with me;
I am the mountain boy !

The torrent here its birthplace finds,
I drink from out its stony bed;
It frets and leaps and rushes down,
I catch it with my arms outspread;
I am the mountain boy !

The mountain-height, this is my home,
'Ere sullen storms 'round me fly,
And howl they from north to south,
Still o'er them all you'll hear my cry :
I am the mountain boy !

When thunders roll and lightnings flash,
Here stand I far above the storm ;
I know them well and quickly call :
"Protect my father's house from harm !"
I am the mountain boy !

And when the tocsin once resounds,
And mountain fires blaze along,
Then I'll descend and join the throng,
And swing my sword, and sing my
song :
I am the mountain boy !

Die Himmels-Thräne.—The Crystal Tear.

Der Himmel hat eine Thräne geweint,
Die hat sich ins Meer zu verlieren ge-
meint,
Die Muschel kam und schloss sie ein :
Du sollst nun meine Perle sein.

Du sollst nicht vor den Wogen zagen,
Ich will hindurch dich ruhig tragen ;
O, du mein Schmerz, du meine Lust,
Du Himmelsthau in meiner Brust !

Gieb Himmel, dass ich in reinem Ge-
müte,
Den einsten deiner Tropfen hüte.

The heavens a crystal tear once shed,
It sought its grave in the ocean's bed.
A shell enclosed the shining sphere :
My own dear pearl shalt thou be here.

Thou needst not fear the foam-flecked
billow,
My breast shall be thy peaceful pillow.
O thou, my grief ! thou, my delight !
A gem as pure as heaven's own light.

O Heav'n, let me guard with soulful
emotion,
Thy purest gifts with true devotion.

Es Herz:—En Lied.—The Heart:—A Song.

From "Stadt und Land"—A Comedy in Upper-Austrian Dialect.

FREDERICK KAISER.

's Herz is a g'spassigs Ding,
Oft gar so schwarz, oft gring,
Oft is so, mäuserlstill,
Oft hammert's wie a Mühl—
Oft that's am wohl, oft wieder schmerzen;
Drunth glaub' i in mein' Sinn,
's sitzt was Lebendig's drin
Ganz tief im Herzen.

's kann sogar dischkariern,
Mit an a dischbadiern ;
I hans oft gar nit g'fragt
Und 's hat mir do was g'sagt.
Das that am kruseln so und schlagen,
's sein kani Wörter zwar,
's redt aber deutli klar,
's that am Alles sagen
Und nur durch's Schlagen.

Jetzt Mancher sagt : O mein !
Wie kann das mögli sein ?
Der plauscht sich selber an,
A bissel g'spürt er's schon,
Er mag sich d' Wahrheit selbst nit sagen,
Do hifft nit g'schamig sein,
Der droben schaut hinein,
Dös thut dös Schlagen
Am Jeden sagen.

's gibt Viel, dös gar nit hör'n,
Wann d' Schläg rebellisch wern,
Bei dö is Herz ganz weg,
Is nit am rechten Fleck.
Und erst ganz spat in alten Tagen
Dan g'spürn sie's zentnerschwarz
Was früher war ganz laar—
In alten Tagen
Thut's weh dös Schlagen.

Woher dös Schlagen kümmt,
Das wass ma halt mit b'stimmt.
I man und bild mir ein,
's wird unser Schutzgeist sein,
Der that nit seinen Flügerln schlagen,
Und wann ma genga drauf,
Tragt er die Seel hinauf,
Thut für an Jeden
Da drobnet reden.

The heart is a curious thing,
Oft sad, oft light of wing,
Oft, mouse-like, 'tis so still,
Oft hammers like a mill—
Oft pleasure gives, with pain returning ;
Therefore do I believe,
Something in it doth live—
So deep its yearning.

Discourse it e'en can do,
Dispute with oneself, too ;
Oft have I nothing sought,
Yet me its answer brought.
Inspired it was with fear, and beating ;
No words employed to teach,
And yet how clear its speech ;
It tells one everything
Only by beating.

Now, many a one will cry :
How can this be ?—Oh my !
Deceive himself may he,
And quickly felt 'twill be ;
From himself may he the truth be keeping,
Ashamed, no help 'twill be,
Within the heart sees He ;
This does the beating,
To each one speaking.

There are some who fail to hear
When the beats rebellious are ;
With such the heart's quite gone,
At th' right place there is none.
And not till late in life, that's fleeting,
They feel a weight so sore
Where naught had been before ;
As age is fleeting
It pains, this beating.

From whence these beatings come
Exactly knows no one ;
It must, I think, you'll see,
Our guardian-angel be,
That with his snow-white wings is beating ;
And when life's end we mourn,
The soul's by him upborne,
For each good's seeking
Above he's pleading.

Nach Einem Alten Liede.—After An Old Song.

JACOBI.

Sagt, wo sind die Veilchen hin,
Die so freudig glänzten,
Und der Blumen Königin
Ihren Weg bekränzten ?
"Jüngling, ach ! der Lenz entflieht ;
"Diese Veilchen sind verblüht."

Sagt, wo sind die Rosen hin,
Die wir singend pflückten,
Als sich Hirt und Schäferin
Hut und Busen schmückten ?
"Mädchen, ach ! der Sommer flieht ;
Diese Rosen sind verblüht."

Führe denn zum Bächlein mi- h,
Das die Veil- hen tränkte,
Das mit leisem Murmeln sich
In die Thäler senkte.
"Luft und Sonne glühten sehr !
"Jenes Bächlein ist nicht mehr."

Bringe denn zur Laube mich,
Wo die Rosen standen,
Wo in treuer Liebe sich
Hirt und Mädchen fanden.
"Wind und Hagel stürmten sehr ;
"Jene Laube grünt nicht mehr."

Sagt, wo ist das Mädchen hin,
Das, weil ich's erblickte,
Sich mit demuthvollem Sinn
Zu den Veilchen bückte ?
"Jüngling ! alle Schönheit flieht ;
"Auch das Mädchen ist verblüht."

Sagt, wo ist der Sänger hin,
Der auf bunten Wiesen
Veilchen, Ros' und Schäferin,
Laub und Bach gepriesen ?
"Mädchen, unser Leben flieht ;
"Auch der Sänger ist verblüht."

Say, whither have th' violets gone,
That erst shone serenely,
And that made a pathway bright
For the rose so queenly ?
"Gentle youth ! the spring has fled,
"And the violets now are dead."

Say, where have the roses gone
Which we plucked at morning,
Shepherdess and shepherd deck'd,
Hat and breast adorning ?
"Maiden dear ! the summer's fled,
"And the roses, too, are dead."

Lead me where the violets
At the brook were drinking ;
Where i' the vale, too, murmuring,
The stream was gently sinking.
"Brightly glowed both sun and air,
"Th' brooklet is no longer there."

Lead me to arboreal shade,
Where, 'mid roses blooming,
Th' shepherd and his gentle maid
Notes of love were tuning.
"Wind and hailstorm raged with pow'r,
"Leafless now the shady bow'r."

Say, where has the maiden gone,
Who with meekness wending
'Mong the flow'rs, observed I there
O'er the violets bending ?
"Gentle youth ! all beauty dies ;
"Dead there, too, the maiden lies."

Say, where has the singer gone,
Who, 'mid the meadow's flowers,
Sang of roses, violets, too,
Of maidens, brooks and bowers ?
"Maiden, list ! our lives flee 'way,
"Silent now the singer's lay."

Wanderer's Nachtlied.—Wanderer's Night Song.

GOETHE.

Ueber allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh,
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch.
Die Vöglein schweigen im Walde,
Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch.

Over every summit
There's rest ;
Scarce e'en a zephyr
Th' woodland's crest
Wafeth to thee.
The birdlings are hushed in their song,
Only wait ! ere long
At rest thou'lt be.

Wie der Mond.—As the Moon.

HEINE.

Wie der Mond sich leuchtend dränget
Durch den dunkeln Wolkenflor,
Also taucht aus dunkeln Zeiten
Mir ein lichetes Bild hervor.

Sassen All' auf dem Verdecke,
Fuhren stolz hinab den Rhein,
Und die sommergrünen Ufer
Glühn im Abendsonnenschein.

Sinnend sass ich zu den Füssen
Einer Dame schön und hold;
In ihr liebes, bleiches Antitz
Spielt' das rothe Sonnengold.

Lauten klangen, Buben sangen,
Wunderbare Fröhlichkeit!
Und der Himmel wurde blauer,
Und die Seele wurde weit.

Märchenhaft vorüberzogen
Berg' und Burgen, Wald und Au;—
Und das Alles sah ich glänzen
In dem Aug' der schönen Frau.

As the moon with sudden brightness
Flashes through the clouds its light,
So through days almost forgotten
Comes a vision fair and bright.

On the deck we all weré seated,
Proudly sailing down the Rhine,
And the banks, in summer verdure,
Glow'd in evening's sun, like wine.

At a lady's feet I sat me,
Fair her features to behold;
On her pale and beauteous visage
Play'd the rosy sunlight's gold.

Lutes were sounding, youths were singing,
Festal joys held queenly reign;
And the sky grew more cerulean,
Fuller still the soul became.

Hill and castle, wood and meadow,
Pass'd like fairy visions bright;
And the scene I saw reflected
In that lady's eyes of light.

Das Meer.—The Sea.

HEINE.

Das Meer erglänzte weit hinaus,
Im letzten Abendscheine;
Wir sassen am einsamen Fischerhaus,
Wir sassen stumm und alleine.

Der Nebel stieg, das Wasser schwoll,
Die Möve flog hin und wieder;
Aus deinen Augen liebenvoll
Fieeln die Thränen nieder

Ich sah sie fallen auf deine Hand,
Und bin auf's Knie gesunken;
Ich hab' von deiner weissen Hand,
Die Thränen fortgetrunken

Seit jener Stunde verzehrt sich mein Leib,
Die Seele stirbt vor Sehnen;—
Mich hat das unglücksel'ge Weib
Vergift mit ihren Thränen.

Quite radiant was the distant sea
With evening's parting beams;
By fisher's lonely cot sat we
In silence and in dreams.

The mists arose, the waters swell'd,
And gulls flew far and near;
From out thine eyes, so full of love,
Dropp'd many a silent tear.

I saw them falling on your hand,
And sank upon my knee;
I drank from off thy snow-white hand
The tears you shed for me.

Since that sad hour I've pined away,
My soul with longing dies;—
That wretched maid hath poisoned me
With her envenomed eyes.

Mein Herz ist am Rheine.—My Heart's on the Rhine.

WOLFGANG MUELLER.

Mein Herz ist am Rheine, im heimischen Land !
Mein Herz ist am Rhein, wo die Wiege mir stand,
Wo die Jugend mir liegt, wo die Freunde mir blühn,
Wo die Liebste mein denket mit wonnigem Glühn,
O wo ich geschwelget in Liedern und Wein :
Wo ich bin, wo ich gehe, mein Herz ist am Rhein !

—
Dich grüss ich, du breiter, grüngoldiger Strom,
Euch Schlösser und Dörfer und Städte und Dom,
Ihr goldenen Saaten im schwelenden Thal,
Dich Rebengebirge im sonnigen Strahl,
Euch Wälder und Schluchten, dich Fel-sengestein,
Wo ich bin wo ich gehe, mein Herz ist am Rhein !

—
Dich grüss ich, o Leben mit sehnender Brust,
Beim Liede, beim Weine, beim Tanze die Lust,
Dich grüss ich, o theures, o wackres Geschlecht,
Die Frauen so wonnig, die Männer so recht !
Eu'r Streben, eu'r Leben, o mög' es gediehn :
Wo ich bin wo ich gehe, mein Herz ist am Rhein !

—
Mein Herz ist am Rheine, im heimischen Land !
Mein Herz ist am Rhein, wo die Wiege mir stand ;
Wo die Jugend mir liegt, wo die Freunde mir blühn,
Wo die Liebste mein denket mit wonnigem Glühn !
O möget ihr immer dieselben mir sein !
Wo ich bin w ich gehe, mein Herz ist am Rhein !

My heart's on the Rhine, in my own native land !
Where my cradle was rocked by a dear mother's hand,
Where youth's pleasures lay, and where friends bloom around,
Where th' heart of my love beats with rapturous bound,
O where I have revelled in song and in wine :
Wherever I wander, my heart's on the Rhine !

—
I greet thee, broad stream, in thy green-golden flow,
Ye grain fields of gold in the valley below,
Ye castles and hamlets and domes in the sky !
Ye woods and ravines, and ye cliffs tow'ring high,
Ye hills, too, all clad with the sun-illum'd vine,
Wherever I wander, my heart's on the Rhine !

—
I greet thee, O life, and my heart yearns for thee
In th' dance, in the cup, or the song's merry glee,
My dearly loved race, these, my greetings to you,
The maidens so bright, and the men tried and true !
Your struggles, your lives, may success them entwine :
Wherever I wander, my heart's on the Rhine !

—
My heart's on the Rhine, in my own native land !
Where my cradle was rocked by a dear mother's hand,
Where youth's pleasures lay, and where friends bloom around,
Where th' heart of my love beats with rapturous bound,
O may evermore these same treasures be mine :
Wherever I wander, my heart's on the Rhine !

Gute Nacht.—Good Night.

GEIBEL.

Schon fängt es an zu dämmern,
Der Mond als Hirt erwacht
Und singt den Wolkenlämmern
Ein Lied zur guten Nacht ;
Und wie er singt so leise,
Da dringt vom Sternenkreise
Der Schall ins Ohr mir sacht :
Schlafet in Ruh', schlafet in Ruh' !
Vorüber der Tag und sein Schall ;
Die Liebe Gottes deckt euch zu
Allüberall.

Nun suchen in den Zweigen
Ihr Nest die Vögelein,
Die Halm' und Blumen neigen
Das Haupt im Mondenschein,
Und selbst des Mühlbach's Wellen
Lassen das wilde Schwellen
Und schlammern murmelnd ein.
Schlafet in Ruh', schlafet in Ruh' !
Vorüber der Tag und sein Schall ;
Die Liebe Gottes deckt euch zu
Allüberall.

Von Thür zu Thüre wallet
Der Traum, ein lieber Gast,
Das Harfenspiel verhallet
Im schimmernden Palast,
Im Nachen schläft der Ferge,
Die Hirten auf dem Berge
Halten ums Feuer Rast.
Schlafet in Ruh', schlafet in Ruh' !
Vorüber der Tag und sein Schall ;
Die Liebe Gottes deckt euch zu
Allüberall.

Und wie nun alle Kerzen
Verlöschen durch die Nacht,
Da schweigen auch die Schmerzen
Die Sonn' und Tag gebracht ;
Lind säuseln die Cypressen,
Ein seliges Vergessen
Durchweht die Lüfte sacht.
Schlafet in Ruh', schlafet in Ruh' !
Vorüber der Tag und sein Schall ;
Die Liebe Gottes deckt euch zu
Allüberall.

The shepherd moon is waking
As day fades into night,
And to the clouds, his lambkins,
He sings a sweet "Good Night."
And as I hear him singing,
From stars come faintly ringing
A sound in accents light :
Slumber in peace, slumber in peace !
All over the day and its sound ;
The Father's love will cover you all
Wherever found.

Now seeks within the branches
The bird its cosy nest,
The stately stalk and flower
Each bends its moonlit crest.
And e'en the brook's swift waters,
As bright as earth's fair daughters,
Submissive sink to rest.
Slumber in peace, slumber in peace !
All over the day and its sound ;
The Father's love will cover you all
Wherever found.

Sweet dreams, like welcome guests,
Now go from door to door,
Within the glittering palace
Is heard the harp no more.
Around the campfire, nesting,
The shepherds now are resting,
Sleeps the boatman at his oar.
Slumber in peace, slumber in peace !
All over the day and its sound ;
The Father's love will cover you all
Wherever found.

And as each glittering taper
Is extinguished through the night,
The pains which each day brings us
Now seem to take their flight.
Soft airs through trees come stealing,
A bless'd, oblivious feeling
Pervades the balmy night.
Slumber in peace, slumber in peace !
All over the day and its sound ;
The Father's love will cover you all
Wherever found.

Und wo von heissen Thränen
Ein schmachtend Auge blüht,
Und wo in bangem Sehnen
Ein liebend Herz verglüht,
Der Traum kommt leis' und linde
Und singt dem kranken Kinde
Ein tröstend Hoffnungsslied.

Schlafet in Ruh', schlafet in Ruh'!
Vorüber der Tag und sein Schall;
Die Liebe Gottes deckt euch zu
Allüberall.

Gut Nacht denn, all ihr Müden,
Ihr Lieben nah und fern!
Nun ruh' auch ich in Frieden,
Bis glänzt der Morgenstern.
Die Nachtigall alleine
Singt noch im Mondenscheine
Und lobet Gott, den Herrn.

Schlafet in Ruh', schlafet in Ruh'!
Vorüber der Tag und sein Schall;
Die Liebe Gottes deckt euch zu
Allüberall.

Aus des Meeres tiefem, tiefem Grunde
Klingen Abendglocken dumpf und matt,
Uns zu geben wunderbare Kunde
Von der schönen alten Wunderstadt.

In der Fluthen Schoos hinausgesunken
Blieben unten ihre Trümmer stehn;
Ihre Zinnen lassen goldne Funken
Wiederscheinend auf dem Spiegel sehn.

Und der Schiffer, der den Zauberschimmer
Einmal sah im hellen Abendroth,
Nach derselben Stelle schifft er immer,
Ob auch rings umher die Klippe droht.

Aus des Herzens tiefem, tiefem Grunde
Klingt es mir, wie Glocken, dumpf und
matt,
Ach, sie geben wunderbare Kunde
Von der Liebe, die geliebt es hat.

Eine schöne Welt ist da versunken,
Ihre Trümmer blieben unten stehn,
Lassen sich als goldne Himmelsfunken
Oft im Spiegel meiner Träume sehn.

Und dann möcht ich tauchen in die Tiefen,
Mich versenken in den Widerschein,
Und mir ist, als ob mich Engel riefen
In die alte Wunderstadt herein.

And when the burning tear-drops
From languid eyes do start,
And when from anxious craving
No longer glows the heart,
With music nigh elysian,
To the sick child comes a vision, .
Sweet comfort to impart.

Slumber in peace, slumber in peace !
All over the day and its sound ;
The Father's love will cover you all
Wherever found.

Good night, then, all ye weary,
Ye lov'd ones, far and near !
In peace I'll, too, rest sweetly,
Till the morning stars appear.
The nightingale is singing,
And to the Lord is ringing
Its praises sweet and clear.

Slumber in peace, slumber in peace !
All over the day and its sound ;
The Father's love will cover you all
Wherever found.

Vineta.—Vineta.

WILHELM MUELLER.

Out of ocean's depths profound resounding.
Evening bells are ringing dull and faint,
Telling, in their wondrous revelations,
Of the wonder city, old and quaint.

'Neath the ocean's glittering bosom
sunken,
Ruins of that city still remain ;
Sparks of gold emitted from its turrets
Shine emmirrored on the glassy main.

And the sailor who, at evening twilight,
First beholds this magic sight appear,
Ever after steers his vessel thither,
Though the rocks around are threatening
here.

From the human heart's profoundest
soundings
Hear I tones like bells, so sad and low ;
Ah ! they seem to tell a wondrous story
Of the one it loved so long ago.

What a beauteous world beneath is
sunken,
Ruins of it all make up the scene ;
Oftimes golden gleams from heaven
glimm'ring
On the mirror of my dreams are seen.

Then into the ocean's depths descending,
Would I sink into those mirrored deeps,
And I seem to hear the angels calling
Down to where the wonder city sleeps.

Meergruss.—Sea Greeting.

HEINE.

Thalatta ! Thalatta !
 Sei mir gegrüssst, du ewiges Meer !
 Sei mir gegrüssst zehntausendmal
 Aus jauchzendem Herzen,
 Wie einst dich begrüssen
 Zehntausend Griechenherzen, [ende.
 Unglückbekämpfende, heimatverlang-
 Weltberühmte Griechenherzen.

Es wogten die Fluten,
 Sie wogten und brausten,
 Die Sonne goss eilign herunter,
 Die spielenden Rosenlichter.
 Die auf escheucht-n Mövenzüge
 Flatterten fort, lautschreidend,
 Es stampften die Rosse, es klirrten die
 Schilde,
 Und weithin erscholl es wie Siegesruf:
 "Thalatta ! Thalatta ! "

Sei mir gegrüssst, du ewiges Meer,
 Wie Sprache der Heimat rauscht mir dein
 Wasser,
 Wie Träume der Kindheit sah ich es
 flimmern
 An deinem wogenden Wassergebiet,
 Und alte Erinnerung erzählt mir: u's neue
 Von all dem lieben, herrlichen Spielzeug.
 Von all den blinkenden Weihnachtsgaben
 Von alt den roten Korallenbäumen.
 Goldfischchen, Perlen und bunten
 Mucheln,
 Die du geheimnisvoll bewahrst
 Dort unten im klaren Krystallhaus.

O ! wie oft hab' ich geschmachtet in öder
 Fremde !
 Gleich einer welken Blume
 In des Botanikers blechner Kapself
 Lag mir das Herz in der Brust ;
 Mir ist, als sass ich winterlange,
 Ein Kranker, in dunkler Krankenstube,
 Und nun verlass ich sie plötzlich,
 Und blendend strahlt mir entgegen
 Der smaragdene Frühling, der sonnen-
 geweckte,
 Und es rauschen die weissen Blütenbäume,
 Und die jungen Blumen schauen mich an
 Mit bunten, duftenden Augen,
 Und es duftet und summt und atmet und
 lacht
 Und im blauen Himmel melsingen die Vög-
 lein—
 Thalatta ! Thalatta !

Thalatta ! Thalatta !
 I hail thee, thou everlasting Sea !
 Be thou greeted ten thousand times,
 With rapturous emotion,
 As once thou wert greeted
 By ten thousand Grecian hearts, [home,
 Combating misfortune, and longing for
 World-renowned, trustful, Grecian hearts.

The billows were rolling,
 Were rolling and roaring ;
 The radiant sun soon cast o'er them
 A flood of roseate splendor ;
 The rising frightened trains of sea gulls
 Flattered away, loud screaming ;
 The steeds they were stamping, the
 armor was clanging,
 And far it re-echoed like a victor's cry :
 Thalatta ! Thalatta !

I greet thee, thou everlasting Sea !
 Like sweet sounds from home is the rush
 of thy waters ;
 Like dreams of my childhood, see I the
 glimmer
 On thy billowy, watery world ;
 And memories old seem to be telling anew
 Of all the charming, beautiful playthings,
 Of all the glittering gifts of Christmas,
 Of all the trees of encrimsoned coral,
 Gold fishes and pearls and colored sea-
 shells,
 Which thou dost so mysteriously keep
 Down there in thy house of clear crystal.

O ! how much have I longed when in
 distant lands !
 Like to a withered flower
 In a botanist's close-covered case of tin,
 Lay this sad heart in my breast ;
 Seemingly as if I had sat the winter long
 A sick man in a darkened chamber,
 And had now left it instantly.
 And, blinded, beaming before me
 Comes emerald Spring, just waked by the
 sun, [rustling.
 And the white tree blossoms are gently
 And the fair flowerets look at me
 With colored, perfume-laden eyes,
 Exhaling and humming, and breathing
 and smiling ;
 And in the blue heaven the birds are
 singing—
 Thalatta ! Thalatta !

Du tapfes Rückzugherz !
Wie oft, wie bitter oft
Bedrängten dich des Nordens Barbarin-
nen !
Aus grossen, siegenden Augen
Schos en sie brennende Pfeile ;
Mit krummgeschliffenen Worten
Drohten sie mir die B'ust zu spalten ;
Mit Keilschriftbillets zerschlugen sie mir
Das Arme, betäubte Gehirn—
Vergebens hielt ich den Schild entgegen,
Die Pfeile zischten, die Hiebe krachten ;
Und von des Nordens Barbarinnen
Ward ich gedränkt bis ans Meer.
Das liebe, rettende Meer,
Thalatta ! Thalatta !

Thou brave, retreating heart !
How oft, how bitter oft
Oppressed thee have the barbarous
northern dames !
Four large and conquering eyes
Shot swiftly their arrows of fire ;
With words both artful and polished
Threatened they my tender breast to
cleave ;
With cuneiform letters fiercely they smote
My poor, my bewildered brain
In vain I held the shield against them ;
The arrows hissed, the strokes swift
crashing came
And by the barbarous northern dames
Was I driven at last to the sea.
With a free breath I greet thee, thou sea !
Thou beloved, rescuing Sea.
Thalatta ! Thalatta !

Die Spinnerin.—The Spinner.

VOSS.

Ich sass und spann vor meiner Thür,
Da kam ein junger Mann gegangen,
Sein braunes Auge lachte mir,
Und rother glüthen seine Wangen.
Ich sah vom Rocken auf, und sass, [spann
Und sass verschämt, und spann und

Gar freundlich bot er guten Tag,
Und trat mit holder Scheu mir näher.
Mir ward so angst ; der Faden brach ;
Das Herz im Busen schlug mer höher.
Betroffen knüpft' ich wieder an,
Und sass verschämt, und spann und spann.

Lie kosend drücket' er mir die Hand.
Und schwur dass keine Hand ihr gleiche,
Die schönste nicht im ganzen Land,
An Schwanenweiss' und Rund' und Weiche
Wie sehr dies Lob mein Herz gewann ;
Ich sass verschämt, und spann und spann.

Auf meinen Stuhl lehnt' er den Arm,
Und rühmte sehr das feinde Fädchen.
Sein náher Münd, so roth und warm.
Wie zärtli h haucht' er ; Süsses Mädchen !
Wie blickte mich sein Auge an !
Ich sass verschämt, und spann und spann.

I sat and spun before my door,
A youth came walking up the road ;
His deep brown eyes were full of glee,
His cheeks with crimson blu hes glowed.
From distaff I looked up at him,
Abashed, I did but spin and spin.

Quite friendly he his greeting made,
And closer came, with tim'rous grace.
I frightened grew ; the thread it broke ;
My heart it beat with quicker pace.
Perplexed I 'gain the thread tied on,
And sat abashed, and spun and spun.

Caressingly he pressed my hand,
And swore none could with it compare,
Not e'en the fairest in the land,
So white and round, so soft and fair.
This lavish praise my heart soon won ;
I sat abashed, and spun and spun.

He leaned his arm upon my chair,
And praised the fineness of the thread.
His rosy lips, so warm and near,
How softly 'Gentle maid !' they said.
His eyes they glanced like love's own sun !
I sat abashed, and spun and spun.

Indess an meiner Wange her
Sein schönes Angesicht sich bückte,
Begegnet' ihm von Ohngefähr
Mein Haupt, das sanft im Spinnen nickte.
Da küsste mich der schöne Mann
Ich sass verschämt, und spann and spann.

Mit grossem Ernst verwies ich' ihm ;
Doch ward er kühner stets und freier,
Unarmte mich met Ungestüm,
Und küsste mich so roth wie Feuer.
O sagt mir, Schwestern. sagt mir an :
War's möglich, dass ich weiter spann ?

As he towards my cheek bent down
His winsome face, so lovely grown,
And as my head kept nodding on,
His cheek so softly touched my own.
He kissed me then, this charming man,
Abashed I sat, the wheel still ran.

In earnest tones rebuked I him,
But, bolder grown, he came still nigher ;
Impetuously he clasped me now,
And kissed my cheeks as red as fire.
Oh, tell me sister, if you can,
Could you have kept on spinning then ?

Der Knabe mit dem Wunder-Horn.—The Youth and His Wonder-Horn.

GEIBEL.

Ich bin ein lust'ger Geselle,
Wer könnt' auf Erden fröhlicher sein !
Mein Rösslein so helle, so helle,
Das tragt mich mit Windeschnelle
Ins blühende Leben hinein—
Trara !
Ins blühende Leben hinein.

Es tönt an meinem Munde
Ein silbernes Horn von süssem Schall,
Es tönt wohl manche Stunde,
Von Fels und Wald in der Runde
Antwortet der Widerhall—
Trara !
Antwortet der Widerhall.

Und komm' ich zu festlichen Tänzen,
Zu Scherz und Spiel im sonnigen Wald,
Wo schmachtende Augen mir glänzen
Und Blumen den Becher bekränzen,
Da schwing' ich vom Ross mich alsbald—
Trara !

Da schwing' ich vom Röss mich alsbald

Süß lockt die Gitarre zum Reigen,
Ich küsse die Mädchen, ich trinke den
Wein ;
Doch will hinter blühenden Zweigen
Die purpurne Sonne sich neigen,
Da muss es geschieden sein—
Trara !
Da muss es geschieden sein.

Es zieht mich hinaus in die Ferne ;
Ich gebe dem flüchtigen Rosse den Sporn.
Ade ! Wohl blieb' ich noch gerne.
Doch winken schon andere Sterne,
Und grüssend vertönet das Horn—
Trara !

Und grüssend vertönet das Horn.

I am a jolly good fellow,
Who could on earth well happier be !
My palfrey's as light as a hind,
It carries me swift as the wind
Into a blooming life, you see—
Trara !
Into a blooming life, you see.

My lips intone with power
A silver trumpet of sweetest sound,
It lingers many an hour ;
From rock and wood and from bower
Comes back the echoing sound—
Trara !
Comes back the echoing sound.

And go I to feast and to dancing,
To sport and play, in sun-illumed wood,
Where fond, longing eyes look entrancing,
And garlands 'round beakers are glancing,
I quickly dismount, as I shold,
Trara !

I quickly dismount, as I should.

Allures the guitar now the dancers, [wine,
I kiss the sweet maidens, I drink, too, the
But back of the branches, yet shining,
The purple-red sun is declining.
Then must I be gone in time—
Trara !
Then must I be gone in time.

It draws me 'way out in the distance,
I give to my fleet horse the spur, like a
thorn,
I'm loth from these joys to be shrinking,
But, see, other stars are now winking,
And greetings flow out of my horn—
Trara !
And greetings flow out of my horn.

Ach, wie ist's möglich dann.—Oh, Can it Ever be ?

VOLKSLIED.

Ach, wie ist's möglich dann,
Dass ich dich lassen kann ;
Hab' dich von Herzen lieb,
Das glaube mir !
Du hast das Herze mein
So ganz genommen ein,
Dass ich kein andre lieb',
Als dich allein.

Blau ist ein Blümlein,
Das heisst Vergiss-nicht-mein ;
Dies Blümlein leg' ans Herz
Und denk an mich !
Stirbt Blum' und Hoffnung gleich,
Sind wir an Liebe reich ;
Dass sie stirbt nie bei mir,
Das glaube mir.

Wär' ich ein Vögelein,
Wollt ich bald bei dir sein,
Scheut' Falk und Habicht nicht,
Flög' schnell zu dir !
Schöss mich ein Jäger tot,
Fiel ich in deinen Schoos !
Sähst du mich traurig an,
Gern stürb' ich dann !

Oh, can it ever be
That I must part from thee ?
Thou art my heart's true love—
This doubt not me.
Thou hast this heart of mine ;
It is so wholly thine
That I no other love
Save only thee.

Blue is a flow'ret, famed,
Forget me-not 'tis named ;
Lay it upon thy heart,
And think of me !
Though flower and hope may flee,
Yet rich in love are we ;
Believe 'twill never die,
But live for aye.

If little bird were I,
To thee I soon would hie,
I'd fear no falcon nigh :
But fly to thee.
If hit by huntsman's ball
Into thy lap I'd fall !
Should sorrow dim thine eye,
I'd gladly die.

Die Betende.—The Praying One.

FRIEDRICH VON MATTHISON.

Laura betet ! Engelharfen hallen
Frieden Gottes in ihr krankes Herz,
Und wie Abel's Opferdufte, wallen
Ihre Seufzer himmelwärts.

Wie sie kniet, in Andacht hingegossen,
Schön, wie Raphael die Unschuld malt !
Vom Verklärungsglanze schon umflossen,
Der um Himmelswohner strahlt.

O sie fühlt, im leisen, linden Wehen,
Froh der Hoyerhabnen Gegenwart,
Sieht im Geiste schon die Palmenhöhen,
Wo der Lichtkranz ihrer harrt !

So von Andacht, so von Gottvertrauen
Ihre engelreine Brust geschwelt,
Betend diese Heilige zu schauen,
Ist ein Blick in jene Welt.

Laura's praying ! Angels' harps resounding,
[send,
Peace to her poor, grieving heart doth
And, like Abel's offering, sweetly rising,
Do her sighs toward heav'n ascend.

As she kneels, outpouring her devotions,
Sweet, as Raphael paints pure innocence,
'Round her flows a light of heavenly
As from out celestial tents. [splendor.

O she feels, amid the gentle breezes,
Glad, indeed, for presence so divine !
Sees, in spirit, th' palmy heights uplifted,
Where her radiant crown doth shine !

So from trust in Him and from devotion,
Swelleth now her pure angelic breast ;
Praying, this holy one a vision seemeth
From the regions of the blest.

Wanderschaft.—Wandering.

WILHELM MUELLER.

Das Wandern ist des Müller's Lust,
Das Wandern !
Das muss ein schlechter Müller sein,
Dem niemals fiel das Wandern ein,
Das Wandern.

Vom Wasser haben wir's gelernt,
Vom Wasser !
Das hat nicht Rast bei Tag und Nacht,
Ist stets auf Wanderschaft bedacht,
Das Wasser.

Das sehn wir auch den Rädern ab,
Den Rädern !
Die gar nicht gerne stille stehn,
Die sich mein Tag nicht müde drehn,
Die Räder.

Die Steine selbst, so schwer sie sind,
Die Steine !
Sie tanzen mit den muntern Reihn,
Und wollen gar noch schneller sein,
Die Steine.

O Wandern, Wandern, meine Lust,
O Wandern !
Herr Meister und Frau Meisterin,
Lasst mich im Frieden weiter ziehn
Und Wandern.

Wandering is the miller's joy,
Wandering !
He must a poor base miller be,
Who ne'er hath felt like wandering free,
Wandering.

From water have we learned it thus,
From water !
This has no rest by day nor night,
Is wand'ring ever out of sight,
This water.

This do we at the mill-wheels see,
The mill-wheels !
They don't care to be standing still,
Nor weary they to turn the mill,
The mill-wheels.

The stones themselves so heavy are,
The stones are !
They whirl and dance at lively rate,
And yet would like a swifter gait,
The stones would.

O wand'ring, wand'ring is my joy,
O wand'ring !
O master and you, mistress, too,
Let me in peace depart from you,
And wander.

Un Leuon.—To Leucon.

GLEIM.

Rosen pfücke, Rosen blühn,
Morgen ist nicht heut !
Keine Stunde loss entfiehn,
Flüchtig ist die Zeit !

Trinke, küssse ! Sieh, es ist,
Heut Gelegenheit !
Weisst du, wo du morgen bist ?
Fleuschtig ist die Zeit !

Aufschub einer guten That,
Hat schon oft gerent !
Hurtig leben, ist mein Rath,
Flüchtig ist die Zeit !

Gather roses while they bloom,
To-morrow's not to-day ;
Ah ! the hours flee all too soon,
Time quickly speeds away !

Fill up the glass, imprint a kiss,
The chance is here to-day ;
Knowst where thou'l to-morrow be ?
Time quickly speeds away !

He who a noble deed defers,
Will oft regret the day ;
Thy life enjoy, my counsel is,
Time quickly speeds away !

Rheinsage—A Rhine Tradition.

GEIBEL.

Am Rheim, am grünen Rheine,
Da ist so mild die Nacht,
Die Rebenhügel liegen
In goldner Mondenpracht.

Und an den Hügeln wandelt
Ein hoher Schatten her
Mit Schwert und Purpurnmantel,
Die Krone von Golde schwer.

Das ist der Karl, der Kaiser,
Der mit gewalt'ger Hand
Von vielen hundert Jahren
Geherrscht im deutschen Land.

Er ist heraufgestiegen
Zu Aachen aus der Gruft,
Und segnet seine Reben
Und atmet Traubenduft.

Bei Rüdesheim, da funkelt
Der Mond ins Wasser hinein,
Und baut eine goldene Brücke
Wohl über den grünen Rhein.

Der Kaiser geht hinüber
Und schreitet langsam fort
Und segnet längs dem Strom
Die Reben an jedem Ort.

Dann kehrt er heim nach Aachen
Und schläft in seiner Gruft
Bis ihn im neuen Jahre
Erweckt der Trauben Duft.

Wir aber füllen die Römer
Und trinken im goldenen Saft
Uns deutsches Heldenfeuer
Uns deutsches Heldenkraft.

Along the Rhine's green waters
Resplendent is the night,
The vine-clad hills are glowing
In th' moon's soft, silvery light.

And 'round the hill is wand'ring
A phantom tall and bold,
With sword and purple mantle,
And heavy crown of gold.

And this is Karl, the emp'ror,
He who, with mighty hand,
For many hundred years
Did rule in Fatherland.

Up from his tomb at Aachen
Did this tall phantom climb,
Inhaled the grapes' sweet perfume,
And blessed his growing vine.

At Rüdesheim the moonbeams
On th' rippling waters glow,
A bridge of gold they're building
Across the Rhine's green flow.

The emp'ror passes over,
And slowly strides apace,
And blesses 'long the river
The vines at every place

He turns again towards Aachen,
Asleep falls in his tomb
Till he, in th' new year coming,
Is waked by the grapes' sweet bloom.

But yet we fill the beakers,
And, in the golden wine,
We drink to all our heroes,
Whose might and virtues shine.

Morgenlied.—Morning Song.

UHLAND.

Noch ahnt man kaum der Sonne Licht,
Noch sind die Morgenglocken nicht
Im finstern Thal erklingen.

Wie still des Waldes weiter Raum !
Die Vöglein zwitschern nur im Traum,
Kein Sang hat sich erschwungen.

Ich hab' mich längst in's Feld gemacht,
Und habe schon dies Lied erdacht,
Und hab' es laut ge-ungen.

Morn's rosy beams have not yet come,
The morning bells have not yet rung
The gloomy vale along.

How still the forest there doth seem,
The birds but warble in a dream,
Upsoared hath yet no song.

In fields of green I lingered long,
Already have composed this song,
And sang it loud and strong.

Überlied.—Evening Song.

RUMCKERT.

Ich stand auf Berges Halde,
Als Sonn' hinunter gieng,
Und sah wie überm Walde
Des Abends Goldnetz gieng.

Des Himmels Wolken thauten
Der Erde Frieden zu,
Bei Abendglockenlauten
Gieng die Natur zur Ruh.

Ich sprach : O Herz, empfinde
Der Schöpfung Stille nun,
Und schick mit jedem Kinde
Der Flur dich auch, zur ruhn.

Die Blumen alle schliessen
Die Augen allgemach,
Und alle Wellen fliessen
Bessäntiget im Bach.

Nun hat der müde Silfe
Sich unters Blatt gesetzt,
Und die Libell am Schilfe
Eatschlummert thaubenetzt.

Es ward dem goldnen Käfer
Zur Wieg' ein Rosenblatt ;
Die Heerde mit dem Schäfer
Sucht ihre Lagerstatt.

Die Lerche sucht aus Lüften
Ihr feuchtes Nest im Klee
Und in des Waldes Schlüflen
Ihr Lager Hirsch und Reh.

Wer sein ein Hüttchen nennet,
Rukt nun darin sich aus ;
Und wen die Fremde trennet,
Den trägt ein Traum nach Haus.

Mich fasset ein Verlangen,
Dass ich zur dieser Frist
Hinauf nicht kann gelangen
Wo meine Heimat ist.

I stood upon the mountain
As the sun began to set,
And saw how o'er the forest
Hung evening's golden net.

The clouds of heaven bedewed
The earth with smiling peace ;
With evening's bells resounding
Came nature's sweet release.

Said I : "O Heart, behold thou
Fair nature's tranquil reign ;
Be thou at rest thyself, as
The children of the plain ! "

The flowers are all closing
Their eyes of gentle mien,
And every wave is flowing
Serenely in the stream.

O, see the sylph, so weary,
Beneath the leaf doth lie,
And on the serge, all dew-sprent,
Asleep's the dragon fly.

To rock the golden beetle
A leaf waits on the rose ;
The flocks and their kind shepherd
Are seeking their repose.

The lark i' the air is looking
Its humid nest to find,
And in the forest seek they
Their bed, the roe and hind.

To such as own their cottage
Sweet rest doth gently come ;
While they who roam as wand'lers
Will dream of home, sweet home.

Regretful is my longing
That I cannot attain
My home above in heaven,
Where all is free from pain.

Mahomets Gesang.—Mahomet's Song.

GOETHE.

Seht den Felsenquell,
Freudehell
Wie ein Sternenblick ;
Ueber Wolken
Nährten sein Jugend
Gute Geister
Zwischen Klippen im Gebüsche.

Jünglingfrisch
Tanzt er aus der Wolke
Auf die Marmorfelsen nieder,
Jauchzet wieder
Nach dem Himmel.

Durch die Gipfelgänge
Jagt er bunten Kieseln nach,
Und mit fröhlem Führertritt
Reisst er seine Bruderquellen
Mit sich fort.

Drunter werden in dem Thal
Under seinem Fusstritt Blumen,
Und die Wiese
Lebt von seinem Hauch.

Doch ihn hält kein Schattenthal,
Keine Blumen,
Die ihm seine Knie' umschlingen,
Ihm mit Liebesangен schmiecheln :
Nach der Ebne dringt sein Lauf
Schlangenwandeind.

Bäche schmiegen
Sich gesellig an. Nun tritt er
In die Ebne silberprangend,
Und die Ebne prangt mit ihm,
Und die Flüsse von der Ebne,
Und die Bäche von den Bergen
Jauchzen ihm und rufen : Bruder !
Bruder, nimm die Brüder mit,
Mit zu deinem alten Vater,
Zu dem ew'gen Ocean,
Der mit ausgespannten Armen
Unser wartet,
Die sich, ach, vergebens öffnen,
Seine Sehenden zu fassen ;
Denn uns frisst in öder Wüste
Gier'ger Sand ; die Sonne droben
Saugt an unserm Blut ; ein Hügel
Hemmet uns zum Teiche ! Bruder,
Nimm die Brüder von der Ebne,
Nimm die Brüder von den Bergen
Mit, zu deinem Vater mit !
Kommt ihr alle !

See the rocky spring,
Bright and clear
As a twinkling star !
O'er the clouds his
Tender youth was nourished
By good spirits,
'Tween the shrubby cliffs above.

Fresh with youth,
Out of the clouds he dances
'Pon the marble rocks below ;
His exultant song
He sends back to heaven.

Along the channels on the summit
Chases he the mottled pebbles ;
And with a leader's lofty tread
Convoys he all his brother streamlets
With him along.

In yonder valley far below,
Grow flowers in his footsteps,
And the meadow
Lives upon his breath.

But him holds no shady vale,
No blossoms fair,
Which 'round his knees are clinging,
And with loving eyes entreating :
Along the plain the current winds
Snake-like and slow.

Brooklets, too, wind
Socially along. Now runs he
O'er the plain like burnished silver,
And the plain his brightness sheds,
And the streamlets from the plain,
And the brooklets from the mountain,
Exult and cry to him : Brother !
Take thy brothers with thee,
With thee, to thy aged father,
To the everlasting ocean,
Who, with outstretched arms is waiting,
Awaiting us—
Arms with which, alas ! in vain
His longing ones he tried to seize ;
For on the waste the greedy sand
Devours us ; the sun above us
Sucks at our blood ; the mountain
Hems us into pools ! Brother,
Take thy brothers from the plain,
Take thy brothers from the mountain,
Take them to thy sire, O take !
Come, come ye all !

Und nun schwält er
Herrlicher ; ein ganz Geschlechte
Trägt den Fürsten hoch empor !
Und im rollenden Triumph
Gibt er Ländern Namen, Städte
Werden unter seinem Fuss.

Unauthalsam rauscht er weiter,
Lässt der Türme Flammengipfel
Marmorhäuser, eine Schöpfung
Seiner Fülle, hinter sich.

Cedernhäuser trägt der Atlas
Auf den Riesenschultern ; sausend
Wehen über seinem Haupte
Tausend Flaggen durch die Lüfte,
Zeugen seiner Herrlichkeit.

Und so trägt er seine Brüder,
Seine Schätze, seine Kinder,
Dem erwartenden Erzeuger
Freudebrausend an das Herz.

And now swells he
Proudly ; a whole race of them
Bear their princely charge on high !
And in triumph, rolling on,
Giving names to lands. Towns and cities
Spring up beneath his foot.

Resistlessly he rushes on,
Leaving flaming minarets and
Marble mansions—creatures of
His fullness—all behind him.

Cedar-houses bears this Atlas
On his giant shoulders, Rustling,
Above his head a thousand flags
Do proudly wave—all attesting
His majestic presence.

And so bears he all his brothers,
All his treasures and his children,
With enraptured emotion
To his waiting father's heart.

Zwiesang.—The Duet.

REINICK.

Im Fliederbusch ein Vöglein sass
In der stillen schönen Maiennacht,
Darunter ein Mägdelein im hohen Gras,
In der stillen schönen Maiennacht.
Sang Mägdelein, hielt das Vöglein Ruh,
Sang Vöglein, hört das Mägdelein zu.
Und weithin klang
Der Zwiesang

Das mondbeglänzte Thal entlang.
Was sang das Vöglein im Gezweig
Durch die stille schöne Maiennacht ?
Was sang doch wohl das Mägdelein gleich
Durch die stille schöne Maiennacht ?
Von Frühlingssonne das Vöglein,
Von Liebesonne das Mägdelein.
Wie der Gesang
Zum Herzen klang

Vergess' ich nimmer mein Lebenlang !

In an elder-bush sat a bird quite small,
On a lovely, tranquil night in May,
And, beneath, a maid in grass so tall,
On a lovely, tranquil night in May.
The bird had rest when the maiden sang,
The maid gave ear when the bird's voice
And far along [rang]
The duo song
Through the moonlit vale resounded long.
And what sang that bird on yonder limb
Through that lovely tranquil night in May?
And the maiden's song—what did she sing
Through that lovely tranquil night in May?
The wee bird sang of Spring so bright,
The maiden sang of love's delight.
How that sweet song
My heart did thronz
I will ne'er forget my lifetime long.

Im Rosenbusch die Liebe Schlief.—Love Asleep in a Rose-Bush.

HOFFMAN VON FALLERSLEBEN.

Im Rosenbusch die Liebe schlief,
Der Frühling kam, der Frühling rief ;
Die Liebe hörts die Lieb erwacht,
Schaut aus der Knosp' hervor und lacht,
Und denkt, zu zeitig möcht's balt sein,
Und schläft drum ruhig wieder ein.

Der Frühling aber lässt nich nach,
Er küsst sie jeden Morgen wach,
Er kos't mit ihr von früh bis spät,
Bis sie ihr Herz geöffnet hat,
Und seine heisse Sehnsucht stillt,
Und jeden Sonnenblick vergift.

Love sleeping lies in a rose-bush tall, [call],
Fair Spring hath come, and Spring doth
Love hears the song, and Love awakes,
Peeps out the bud, with laughter shakes,
And thinks it is too soon to rise,
And shuts again his peaceful eyes.

Fair Spring, howe'er, would not give way,
She waked him with a kiss each day,
Caressed him, too, from morn till night,
Until his heart was opened quite,
Until her longings were allayed,
And every sunbeam was repaid.

Das Paradies.—Paradise.

RUECKERT.

Das Paradies muss schöner sein
Als jeder Ort auf Erden, [darein,
Drum wünscht mein Herz, recht bald
Recht bald zu werden.
Im Paradies muss ein Fluss
Der ew'gen Liebe rinnen
Und jede Sehnsuchtthräne muss
Sein eine Perle drinnen.
Im Paradiese muss ein Hauch
Der Schmerzenstillung wehen,
Dass jeder Schmerz, und meiner auch,
Muss aufgelöst vergehen.
Da steht des Friedens kühler Baum
Gepflanzt auf grünen Räumen;
Und drunter muss ein stiller Traum
Von Ruh' und Glück sich träumen.
Ein Cherub an der Pforte steht,
Die Welt hinweg zu schrecken.
Dass auch zu mir ihr Hauch nicht geht,
Mich aus dem Traum zu wecken.
Da wird das monsche Schiff mein Herz,
Geankert ruh'n im Hafen,
Das rege Wiegenkindlein Schmerz
Im Busen endlich schlafen
Für jeden Dorn, der hier mich stach,
Wird sich die Rose finden,
Und Lust, die nie mir Rosen brach,
Wird sie um's Haupt mir winden.
Dort werden alle Freuden blüh'n,
Die in der Knosp' hier starben,
Und werden wird ein Frühlings grün
Aus allen Todesgarben
Dort wird, was je mein Herz gesucht,
Mir still entgegentreten.
Vom grünen Zweig als goldne Frucht,
Als helle Blum aus Beeten
Die Wünsch' und Hoffnungen der Brust,
Wie Blumen aller Zonen,
Sie werden dort in stiller Luft
Um mich zusammen wohnen.
Die Jugend, die mit Flügelschlag
An mir vorüberraschte,
Die Liebe, die auf einen Tag
Mit Nektar mich berauschte.
Sie werden flucht und flügellos,
Auf ewig mich umscherzen,
Mich halten wie das Kind im Schoss
Und ihren Liebling herzen.
Und jene Gottheit, deren Licht
Auf mich von fernher taute,
Und deren klares Angesicht
Ich nur in Thränen schaute.
Die Poesie, als Geist der Welt
Wird hell sich mir entschleieren,
Wann hell sich Freimunds Lieb gesellt
Dem Chor der Sternenleieren.

O Paradise must fairer be
Than all earth's beauteous places,
My heart is stirred to be transferred
To share its heavenly graces.
In Paradise there runs a stream
Of love that's ever flowing ;
And every tear that doth appear
With pearly light is glowing.
And breezes blow in Paradise
To cool the heart's fierce fever ;
That each one's pain, nor mine remain,
Must pass away forever.
There stands so fair the tree of Peace,
On greenest spot 'tis planted ;
Beneath its shade, in slumber laid,
Lies one by visions haunted.
A cherub at the gateway stands,
And watchful guard is keeping,
Lest wordly din should enter in,
And rouse me from my sleeping.
And here my heart, that shattered bark,
Safe anchor will be keeping,
And restless Care, a nursing fair,
Will soon itself be sleeping.
For every thorn that me hath pricked,
A rose I will be finding,
And Joy, that naught the roses brought,
Will them round me be winding.
From dead buds there will brightly bloom
All pleasures here once cherished ;
And vernal bloom transformed be soon
From sheaves that long have perished.
And there just what my heart hath sought,
So silently discloses,
As golden fruit from tender shoot.
As from their bed the roses.
The hopes and wishes in my breast,
Like flowers from every quarter
Will bloom so fair in tranquil air,
And dwell with me thereafter.
Bright Youth that, in thy winged flight,
My years had swiftly captured ;
And Love, that, in a single day,
With nectar me enraptured,
Will both be wingless, flightless, too,
And ever play around me ;
And as you see, on mother's knee,
A child, so they will hold me.
That deity, whose distant light
On me was faintly gleaming,
Whose lovely face I could but trace
In tears, as I was dreaming ;
Fair 'oesy, the world's great soul,
Will so 'n unveil its fires,
When clear and strong my joyous song
Will join celestial lyres.

Elegie.—Elegy.

MATTHISSION.

[*Inden Ruinen Eines Alten Bergschlosses
Geschrieben.*]

Schweigend, in der Abenddämmerung
Schleier,
Ruh die Flur, das Lied der Haine stirbt ;
Nur dass hier im alternden Gemäuer
Melancholisch noch ein Heimchen zirpt.
Stille sinkt aus unbewölkten Lüften,
Langsam zieh'n die Herden von den
Triften,
Und der müde Landmann eilt der Ruh
Seiner väterlichen Hütte zu.

—
Hier, auf diesen waldumkränzten Höhen,
Unter Trümmern der Vergangenheit,
Wo der Vorwelt Schauer mich umwehen,
Sei dies Lied, O Wehmut, dir geweih't !
Traurend denk' ich, was, vor grauen
Jahren,
Diese morschen Ueberreste waren :
Ein betürmtes Schloss, voll Majestät,
Auf des Berges Felsenstern' erhöht.

—
Dort, wo um des Pfeilers dunkle Trümmer
Traurig flüsternd sich der Epheu schlingt,
Und der Abendröte trüber Schimmer
Durch den öden Raum der Fenster blinkt,
Segneten vielleicht des Vaters Thränen
Einst den edelsten von Deutschlands
Söhnen,
Dessen Herz, der Ehrbegierde voll,
Heiss dem nahen Kampf entgegenschwoll.

—
Zeuch in Frieden, sprach der greise
Krieger,
Ihn umgürtend mit dem Heldenschwert,
Kehre nimmer, oder kehr' als Sieger,
Sei des Namens deiner Väter wert !
Und des edlen Jünglings Auge sprühte
Todesflammen ; seine Wange glühte,
Gleich dem aufgeblüthen Rosenhain,
In der Morgenröte Purpurschein

—
Eine Donnerwolke, flog der Ritter
Dann, wie Richard Löwenherz, zur
Schlacht ;
Gleich dem Tannenwald im Ungewitter
Beugte sich vor ihm des Feindes Macht !
Mild, wie Bäche, die durch Blumen
wallen,
Kehrt er zu des Felsenschlosses Hallen,
Zu des Vaters Freudenthränenblick,

[*Written in the Ruins of an old Castle.*]

Silent, in the dusky light of evening,
Rests the plain ; the woodland song is
gone, [olden,
Save that, 'mid these ruins, gray and
Chirps a cricket its melancholy tone.
Silence sinks from out a sky serene,
Slowly wind the herds from pastures
green, [free,
The weary plowman, from his toil now
Quick to his father's humble cot will flee.

—
Here upon this wood-encircled height,
Amid the ruins of departed years,
Where pictures dread of by-gone times
surround me, [tears !
Sing I to thee, oh Sadness, through my
What, oft sadly think I, in those days
grown hoary, [glory :
Were these wrecks of lofty pride and
A towering castle of majestic mien,
Once on this mountain's brow of stone
was seen.

—
[the ivy
There, whispering sadly, where clings
To the ruined pillar, stately now no more,
And the dusky shimmer of the evening
glimmer [floor,
Blinks at casement there across the empty
A father sadly weeping, and, perhaps,
caressing, [blessing
Him, the noblest son of Germany, was
Whose swelling heart, aglow wi' am-
bition's heat,
The coming struggle desired to meet.

—
[prior,
Depart in peace ! said the grizzled war-
As he begirt him with the sword of fame ;
Return no more, or return as victor,
Be thou worthy of thy father's name !
And the noble youth's bright eyes were
throwing [glowing
Flashes of deadly fire ; his cheeks were
With hue like that which steals o'er full-
bloom roses [closes.
When morn the purple rays of light dis-

—
[der,
Then flew the knight like cloud of thun-
der.
As Richard Lion-Heart once did, to fight ;
Like fir trees 'neath the wrathful tempest
bending.
Bowed before him the hostile might.
Gently, as brooklets through flowers are
wending, [tending,
To his cliff-built halls his steps were
To his father's joyful, tear-stained face,

In des keuschen Mädchens Arm zurück.

Ach ! mit banger Sehnsucht blickt die
Holde
Oft vom Söller nach des Thales Pfad ;
Schild und Panzer glühn im Abendgolde,
Rosse fliegen, der Geliebte naht !
Ihm die treue Rechte sprachlos reichend
Steht sie da, errötend und erbleichend :
Aber was ihr sanftes Auge spricht,
Sängen selbst Petrarch und Sappho nicht.

Fröhlich halte der Pokale Läuten
Dort, wo wildverschlunge Ranken sich
Ueber Uhunester schwarz verbreiten,
Bis der Sterne Silberglanz erblich ;
Die Geschichten schwererkämpfter Siege,
Grauser Abenteu'r im heilgen Kriege,
Weckten in der rauhen Helden Brust
Die Erinnrung schauerlicher Lust.

O der Wandlung ! Grau'n und Nacht
umdüstern
Nun den Schauplatz jener Herrlichkeit !
Schwermutvolle Abendwinde flüstern,
Wo die Starken sich des Mahls gesfreut !
Disteln wanken einsam auf der Stätte,
Wo um Schild und Speer der Knabe
flehte,
Wann der Kriegsdrommete Ruf erklang,
Und aufs Kampfross sich der Vater
schwang.

Asche sind der Mächtigen Gebeine
Tief im dunkeln Erdenschose nun !
Kaum dass halbversunkne Leichensteine
Noch die Stätte zeigen, wo sie ruh'n.
Viele würden längst ein Spiel der Lüfte,
Ihr Gedächtnis sank, wie ihre Gräfte ;
Vor dem Thatenglanz der Heldenzeit
Schwebt die Wolke der Vergessenheit.

So vergehn des Lebens Herrlichkeiten,
So entfleucht das Trumbild eitler Macht !
So versinkt, im schnallen Lauf der Zeiten,
Was die Erde trägt, in öde Nacht !
Lorbeern, die des Siegers Stirn um-
kränzen,
Thaten, die in Erz und Marmor glänzen
Urnens, der Erinnerung geweiht,
Und Gesänge der Unsterblichkeit !

Alles, was mit Sehnsucht und Entzücken
Hier am Staub ein edles Herz erfüllt,

And to the waiting maiden's chaste em-
brace.

Oft, with anxious longing, from her turret
Far down into the vale her eyes are peer-
ing ; [glowing,
Shield and mail in evening's gold are
Steeds are flying ; the lov'd one's near-
ing. [tended,
Speechless, she her faithful hand ex-
With blush and pallor interblended,
But what her soft blue eye expresses—
weil, [could tell.
Nor Sappho's song, nor Petrarch's muse,

Joyously rang the goblets of crystal,
There where the tangled and rank-grow-
ing vine. [spreading,
Black o'er the nests of the owllets is
Till the glistening stars do but faintly
shine.
The tales of victories, heard from afar,
Of wildest adventures in the Holy War,
Aroused in the breasts of the rugged
knights
The remembrance of their fierce delights.

How changed the scene ! Dismay and
Night o'er cast [been ;
The place where all that glory once had
Winds of evening, sadly swelling, whisper
Where strong hearts revelled 'mid rap-
turous din, [field
Lonely thistles now are nodding o'er the
Where the boy was pleading for spear
and shield,
When the call to arms from trumpet rang,
And on his charger the father sprang.

Turned to ashes the bones of the mighty !
Down in the dark lap of earth they lie
deep. [their trenches
Scarcely the half-sunken stones o'er
Point out the spot where the heroes now
sleep, [of these braves,
The winds have long toyed with the dust
Their memories sank, too, just like their
graves, [won,
O'er the war-like deeds by those heroes
Pass the cloud-folds of Oblivion !

[glory !
Thus depart this life's vain pomp and
Thus fit by the dreams of passing might !
Thus, too, sinks in Time's swift-flowing
current
All that earth upbears, to empty night !
Laurels, that the victor's brow entwine,
Deeds that in brass and marble shine,
Urns, dedicate to Memory,
And the songs of Immortality.

[rapture,
All, all, that here, with longing and with
On the earth a noble heart doth warm,

Schwindet, gleich des Herbtes Sonnen-
blicken,
Wenn ein Sturm den Horizont umhüllt.
Die am Abend freudig sich umfassen,
Sieht der Morgenröte schon erblassen :
Selbst der Freundschaft und der Liebe
Glück
Lässt auf Erden keine Spur zurück.

Liebe ! deines Tempels Rosenauen
Grenzen an bedornte Wästenei'n,
Und ein plötzliches Gewittergrauen
Düstert oft der Freundschaft Aetherschein.
Hoheit, Ehre, Macht und Ruhm sind
eitel !
Eines Weltgebieters stolzen Scheitel,
Und ein zitternd Haupt am Pilgerstab,
Deckt mit einer Dunkelheit das Grab.

Vanishes like the autumnal sunshine
When the horizon's verge is veiled in
storm.
Those at evening who fondly do embrace,
Are in the morning found with pallid face ;
Even Friendship's ties, and Love's de-
light,
Leave on the earth no trace in sight.

O Love ! thy gardens of fragrant roses
By thorny wastes are hemmed in every-
where !
When quickly spread the wings of the
Darken often Friendship's sky, so fair !
Vain are greatness, honor, might and
glory !
On the monarch's head, so proud and
And on the weary pilgrim's trembling
head.
One common darkness doth the grave

Adelaïde.—Adelaide.

MATTHISSION.

Einsam wandelt dein Freund im Früh-
lingsgarten,
Mild vom lieblichen Zauberlicht um-
flossen,
Das durch wankende Blüthenzweige
zittert,
Adelaide !

In der spiegelnden Fluth, im Schnee der
Alpen,
In des sinkenden Tages Goldgewölken,
Im Gefilde der Sterne strahlt dein Bild-
niss,
Adelaide !

Abendlüftchen im zarten Laube
flüstern, [säuseln,
Silberglöckchen des Mai's im Grase
Wellen rauschen und Nachtigallen flöten :
Adelaide !

Einst, O Wunder ! entblüht auf meinem
Grabe,
Eine Blume der Asche meines Herzens ;
Deutlich schimmert auf jedem Purpur-
blättchen,
Adelaide !

Through Spring's fair garden thy friend
wanders lonely,
Surrounded with light both magic and
mellow,
That quivering comes through blossom-
ing branches,
Adelaide !

In the mirrored flood, in the Alpine
snow-storm,
In the closing day's fast-fading clouds all
golden,
In the star-lit noon of night beams thy
image,
Adelaide !

Evening zephyrs in tender foliage whisper,
In silv'ry tones sweet floral bells are tink-
ling,
Billows murmur and nightingales e'er
warble :
Adelaide !

Once, O wonder ! upon my grave will
blossom
A tender flower from my heart's pale
ashes ;
On each purple leaf there will brightly
glimmer
Adelaide !

Der Graf von Greiers.—The Count of Greiers.

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND.

Der junge Graf von Greiers, er steht vor
seinem Haus,
Er sieht am schönen Morgen weit ins
Gebirg hinaus,
Er sieht die Felsenhörner verklärt im
goldnen Strahl
Und dämmernd mitten inne das grünste
Alpenthal :

“O Alpe, grüne Alpe, wie zieht’s nach dir
mich hin !
Beglückt, die dich befahren, Berghirt
und Sennerin !
Oft sah ich sonst hinüber, empfand nich
Leid noch Lust;
Doch heute dringt ein Sehnen mir in die
tiefste Brust.”

Und nah und näher klingen Schalmeien
an sein Ohr,
Die Hirtinnen und Hirten sie ziehn zur
Burg empor,
Und auf des Schlosses Rasen hebt an der
Ringeltanz,
Die weissen Aermel schimmern, bunt
flattern Band und Kranz.

Der Sennerinnen jüngste, schlank wie ein
Maienreis.
Erfasst die Hand des Grafen, da muss er
in den Kreis.
Es schlinget ihn der Reigen in seinen
Wirbel ein :
“Hei, junger Graf von Greiers, gefangen
musst du sein.”

Sie raffen ihn von hinnen mit Sprung
und Reigenlied,
Sie tanzen durch die Dörfer, wo Glied
sich reiht an Glied.
Sie tanzen über Matten sie tanzen durch
den Wald.
Bis fernhin auf die Alpen der helle Klang
verhallt.

Schon steigt der zweite Morgen, der
dritte schon wird klar.
Wo bleibt der Graf von Greiers ? Ist er
verschollen gar ?
Und wieder sinkt zum Abend der
schwülen Sonne Lauf ;
Da donnert’s im Gebirge, da ziehn die
Wetter auf.

The youthful Count of Greiers before his
castle stands,
At morn his vision sweeps o'er the
mountain's sun-kissed lands,
He sees the horn-ed crags in the sun-
light's golden sheen,
And, dimly, too, the greatest vale in the
shade between.

“Oh, Alp, thou green-clad Alp ! how
much I'm drawn to thee !
How happy, when they reach thee, must
maids and herdsmen be !
Oftimes I've gazed upon thee, nor cared
for all thou art.
But now a longing seizes me in my in-
most heart.

And near and nearer still sound the tim-
bals on his ear ;
The herdsmen and the maidens to the
castle now draw near ;
And on the turf of green around begins
the whirling dance,
The white sleeves flit and glimmer, the
wreaths and ribbons glance.

The youngest of the maidens, slim as a
sprig of spring,
The Count's hand seizes quickly, he
must go in the ring ;
Soon swallowed in the whirl of the cir-
cling dance is he :
“Ho, youthful Count of Greiers, now
captured must you be !”

They forced him from that place, and, with
dance and roundelay,
They dancing go through hamlets where
others lead the way.
They dance across the meadow, they
dance through wood and dell.
Till in the heart of th' distant Alps the
lingering echoes dwell

The second morn has come, and the third
will soon be here ;
Where stays the Count of Greiers ? did
he, then, disappear ?
Again the evening closes in thick and
sultry air ;
It thunders in the mountains, the storm
is gathering there

Geborsten ist die Wolke, der Bach zum Strom geschwellt,
Und als mit jähem Strahle der Blitz die Nacht erhellte,
Da zeigt sich in den Strudeln ein Mann, der wogt und ringt,
Bis er den Ast ergriffen und sich ans Ufer schwingt:

“Da bin ich, weggerissen aus eurer Berge Schoos ;
Im Tanzen und im Schwingen ergriff mich Sturmgetos ;
Ihr alle sind geborgen in Hütt’ und Felsenpalt,
Nur mich hat fortgeschwemmet des Wolkenbruchs Gewalt.

Leb’ wohl, du grüne Alpe, mit deiner frohen Schaar !
Lebt wohl drei sel’ge Tage, da ich ein Hirte war !
O, nicht bin ich geboren zu solchem Paradies,
Aus dem mit Blitzesflamme des Himmels Zorn mich wies.

Du frische Alpenrose, rühr’ nimmer meine Hand !
Ich fühl’ die kalte Woge, sie löscht nicht diesen Brand.
Du zauberischer Reigen, lock’ nimmer mich hinaus !
Nimm mich in deine Mauern, du ödes Grafenhaus !”

The cloud has burst its fetters, the brook becomes a stream,
Illumined is the night with the lightning’s fitful gleam.
A man is seen to struggle ‘mid the whirlpool’s sullen roar,
Till a branch he quickly seizes and swings upon the shore.

“Here am I, torn away from your mountain’s sweet retreat,
While dancing I was whirled by the storm’s tempestuous beat ;
In mountain huts and caverns ye all did shelter find ;
While I alone was swept along by the torrent and the wind.

Farewell, thou green-clad Alp, with thy joyous company !
Farewell the blessed days when I watched the flocks on thee !
I was not born t’ enjoy that beatific place From whence the lightnings drove me ‘neath heaven’s angry face.

Thou Alpine rose, so lovely, touch thou my hand no more !
Unquenched is the fire within me though torrents o’er me pour.
Ye whirling dance bewitching, ne’er lure me ‘gain to thee !
My cheerless walls, receive me, within thee must I flee !”

French Prize poem.

Sung at the Opening of the Paris Exposition in 1889.—First English Translation by Mr. Zimmerman.

QUATRE VINGT-NEUF.

Chant seculaire.

CHŒUR DES PEUPLES.

Dans la foret du vieux monde,
Marchant, peinant sans repos,
Pariant sans qu’ on nous reponde,
Nous allons, mornes troupeaux.
Du meme pas implacable
L’heure vient, l’heure s’ensuit,
Le meme poids nous accable
C’est toujours la sombre nuit.
Interroge encor l’espace,
Guetteur, du haut de la tour.
Que te dit le vent qui passe ?
Quand done paraitra le jour ?

‘EIGHTY-NINE.

Song of the Centuries.

CHORUS OF THE PEOPLE.

In the old world’s forests, dim with gloom,
Forever toiling without rest,
Like driven beasts, we pass our lives,
Forever praying, though never blest.
The hours come, the hours go,
In the same unending flight ;
The selfsame burdens bend us low ;
With us ‘tis always blackest night.
O, watcher on the tower’s top,
What see’st thou from thy lofty height ?
Say, does the passing wind say aught ?
O, when will come the morning light ?

LE GUETTEUR.

Les ailes de la nuit couvrent le monde
immense,
Seuls, de leur vol épais éveillant le silence,
Les noirs esprits planent sur moi !

LA HAINE.

Peuples, tremblez ! J'ai, pour apôtres,
La mort et l'effroi.
Sans même savoir pourquoi,
Ruez-vous les uns sur les autres.

L'IGNORANCE.

Peuples, reconnaisssez ma loi ;
J'ai soufflé sur vos yeux et scelle votre
bouche

LA TYRANNIE.

Mords ton frein, esclave farouche.
Sous mes pieds orgueilleux je te sens
desarme.

LE DESESPOIR.

Au tombeau, pour toujours, Lazare est
enfermé.

CHOEUR DES PEUPLES.

J'interroge l'étendue :
Partout la nuit sans amour !
O sentinelle perdue,
Voirs-tu poindre enfin le jour ?

LE GUETTEUR.

Frères, debout ; levez la tête,
Voyez, voyez, le Ciel blanchit ;
Le coq a chanté, l'air fraîchit.
Entendez-vous ces cris de fête ?
C'est le jour, c'est le jour. Nous sommes
délirants.
Chaines, tombez ; croulez, prisons.
L'aube est venue.
Mes yeux mouillés de pleurs l'ont
reconnue.
Hauts les coeurs ; haut le front, peuples
régenérés.

THE WATCHER.

The sombre wings of night the earth still
in gloom do hide.
Dark spirits above me hover and threat-
ningly 'round me glide ;
And break the silence with their cry.

HATE.

Tremble, people ! Rage, Terror, Death,
Apostles mine, in wait do lie ;
Without even knowing why
Ye slay each other at ev'ry breath.

IGNORANCE.

Acknowledge my power and hear
my cry ;
Your lips are close sealed, upon your
eyes did I breathe.

TYRANNY.

Disarmed art thou my heel beneath,
Then gnaw thy bit, thou poor, thou sav-
age slave !

DESPAIR.

Forever is Lazarus entombed in the
grave.

CHORUS OF THE PEOPLE.

The distance now we scan,
Of light appears not e'en a ray.
O useless sentinel !
See'st thou not the dawn of day ?

THE WATCHER.

Lift up your heads, O brothers dear !
The heavens presage the coming
glow ;
The air is cool, the cock doth crow ;
Dost not those cries of joy now hear ?
'Tis the dawn ! fetters break ! Delivered
are we ! [breaks at last !
See, the prisons are toppling ! Day
Thro' tear-bedewed eyes I see 't com-
ing fast ! [ye people free !
Lift up your hearts ! Raise your heads !
The dawn of Liberty is here at last !

Die Kapelle.—The Chapel.

UHLAND.

Droben stehet die Kapelle,
Schauet still in's Thal hinab,
Drunten singt bei Wies' und Quelle
Froh und hell der Hirtenknab'

Traurig tönt das Glöcklein nieder,
Schauerlich der Leichenchor ;
Stille sind die frohen Lieder
Und der Knabe lauscht empor.

Droben bringt man sie zu Grabe,
Die sich freuten in dem Thal.
Hirtenknabe ! Hirtenknabe !
Dir auch singt man dort einmal.

On yonder height the chapel stands,
O'erlooks the vale in tranquil joy ;
While there, by rills and meadow lands,
Sings glad and clear the shepherd boy.

So sadly tolls the little bell,
And, shudd'ring, sings the chapel choir ;
How silent is the shepherd's song
As, list'ning, now, the tones come nigher.

They lay to rest on yonder hill
Those who below once lived in joy ;
Some day o'er thee, when you're at rest,
They'll sing sad strains, O shepherd boy !

Der Postillon.—The Postillion.

LENAU.

Lieblich war die Maiennacht,
Silberwölklein flogen,
Ob der holden Frühlingspracht
Freudig hingezogen.

Schlummernd lagen Wies' und Hain,
Jeder Pfad verlassen;
Niemand als der Mondenschein
Wachte auf der Strassen.

Leise nur das Lüftchen sprach,
Und es zog gelinder
Durch das stille Schlafgemach
All der Frühlingskinder.

Heimlich nur das Bächlein schlich,
Denn der Blüten Träume
Dufteten gar wonniglich
Durch die stillen Räume.

Rauher war mein Postillon,
Liess die Geissel knallen,
Ueber Berg und Thal davon
Frisch sein Horn erschallen.

Und von flinken Rossen vier
Scholl der Hufe Schlagen,
Die durchs blühende Revier
Trabten mit Behagen

Wald und Flur im schnellen Zug
Kaum gegrüsst—gemieden;
Und vorbei, wie Traumesflug
Schwand der Dörfer Frieden.

Mitten in dem Maienglück
Lag ein Kirchhof innen,
Der den raschen Wanderblick
Hielt zu ernstem Sinnen.

Hingelehnt an Bergesrand
War die bleiche Mauer,
Und das Kreuzbild Gottes stand
Hoch, in stummer Trauer.

Schwager ritt auf seiner Bahn
Stiller jetzt und trüber;
Und die Rosse hielt er an,
Sah zum Keruz hinüber:

“Halten muss hier Ross und Rad !
Mag's Euch nicht gefährden;
Drüben liegt mein Kamerad
In der kühlen Erden !

Lovely was the night of May,
Silvery clouds flew brightly,
O'er the joyous Spring passed they
Here and there so lightly.

Slumbering lay both mead and wood,
Every path forsaken;
On the street the moon alone
Watchful guard had taken.

Softly spoke the gentle breeze
In almost breathless numbers,
As Spring her fairy children led
Through the realm of slumbers.

Softly, too, the brooklet crept,
While many a blooming vision
Swept along the silent rooms
In perfume nigh elysian.

My postillion rougher was,
He cracked his whip and, bounding,
Sped away o'er hill and dale,
Clear his horn resounding.

From the hoofs of shining steeds
Echoes loud were sounding;
As thro' blooming field and wood
Th' steeds were onward bounding.

Wood and mead in rapid flight
Passed with scarce a greeting;
By us fled the peaceful towns
Like a dream still fleeting.

Right within this charming scene
Lay a churchyard nested,
Whereon the traveler's wand'ring sight
Musingly had rested:

On the mountain side there stood
The faded wall reclining,
And, above, the crucifix
In silent grief was shining.

The driver rode along his path
Stiller, then, to ponder,
And the horses stopped he there,
The shining cross saw yonder :

“Tarry here must horse and wheel !
No fear o'er thee be creeping;
Yonder lies my comrade dear,
In the cold earth sleeping.

“Ein gar herzlieber Gesell !
Herr, 's ist ewig Schade !
Keiner blies das Horn so hell,
Wie mein Kamerade !

“Hier ich immer halten muss,
Dem dort unterm Rasen
Zum getreuen Brudergruss
Sein Leiblied zu blasen !”

Und dem Kirchhof sandt' er zu
Frohe Wandersänge,
Dass es in die Grav' esruh'
Seinem Bruder dränge

Und des Hornes heller Ton
Klang vom Berge wieder,
Ob der todte Postillon
Stimmt' in seine Lieder.

Weiter ging's durch Feld und Hag
Mit verhängtem Zügel ;
Lang mir noch im Ohr lag
Jener Klang vom Hügel.

“Charming fellow was this lad !
Lasting pity, 'tis, sir !
Clearer notes from horn ne'er came
Than those which came from his, sir !

“And I always linger here,
And send forth a greeting
To the dear one buried there,
His fav'rite air repeating.”

Toward the churchyard he sent out
Such entrancing numbers, [grave,
That well nigh pierced the dead man's
And woke him from his slumbers.

Again the bugler's clearer tone
From the hills came flying,
Ere the dead postillion was
In his songs replying.

Farther on through field and wood
The good steeds quickly bounded ;
Long that echo from the hill
In my ears resounded.

Die Verlorene Kirche.—The Lost Minster.

UHLAND.

Man höret oft im fernen Wald
Von obenhin ein dumpfes Läuten,
Doch Niemand weiss, von wann es hallt,
Und kaum die Sage kann es deuten.
Von der verlorenen Kirche soll
Der Klang ertönen mit den Winden ;
Einst war der Pfad von Wallern voll,
Nun weis ihn keiner mehr zu finden.

Jüngst gieng ich in dem Walde weit,
Wo kein betretner Steig sich dehnet ;
Aus der Verderbniss dieser Zeit
Hatt' ich zu Gott mich hingesehnet.
Wo in der Wildniss Alles schwieg,
Vernahm ich das Gelaute wieder ;
Je höher meine Sehnsucht stieg,
Je näher, voller klang es nieder.

Mein Geist war s . in sich gekehrt,
Mein Sinn vom Klange hingenommen,
Dass mir es immer unerklärt,
Wie ich so hoch hinauf gekommen.
Mir schien es mehr, denn hundert Jahr',
Dass ich so hingeträumt hätte:
Als übel N'ebeln, sonnenklar,
Sich öffnet, eine freie Stätte.

Der Himmel war so dunkelblau,
Die Sonne war so voll und glühend,

O'er the distant woods is often heard
A muffled tone as from a bell,
And no one knows from whence it came—
Tradition even scarce can tell.
Of the Minster Lost the sound, 'tis said,
Is wasted hither by the breeze ;
Erstwhile the path with wand'rs roamed,
Now found are none beneath those trees.

[roamed,
Of late far through these woods I've
Where now no beaten path is trod ;
Oft longed had I this world to flee,
And refuge find in thee, oh, God !
When all the woods in silence slept,
Again that tone fell on my ear ;
As higher my yearning prayer went up,
The sound seemed nearer and more
clear.

My spirit was so much absorbed,
The sound so much enraptured me,
That if I would, I could not tell,
How came I in such ecstacy.
It seemed a hundred years or more
That I had been thus fondly dreaming,
When o'er the mists, so bright and clear,
A glade appeared, with sunlight gleam-
ing

The heavens were so darkly blue,
The sun so full and brightly beaming,

Und eines Münsters stolzer Bau
Stand in dem goldenen Lichte blühend
Mir dünkten helle Wolken ihn
Gleich Fittigen emporzuheben,
Und seines Thurmes Spitze schien
Im sel'gen Himmel zu verschweben.

Der Glocke wonnevoller Klang
Ertönte schütternd in dem Thürme ;
Doch zog nicht Menschenhand den
Strang,
Sie ward bewegt vom heil'gen Sturme.
Mir war's, derselbe Sturm und Strom
Hätt an mein klopfend Herz geschlagen ;
So trat ich in den hohen Dom [Zagen.
Mit schwankem Schritt und freud'gem

Wie mir in jenem Hallen war,
Das kann ich nicht mit Worten schildern.
Die Fenster glühten dunkelklar
Mit aller Märtrir frommen Bildern ;
Dann sah ich, wundersam erhellt,
Das Bild zum Leben sich erweitern,
Ich sah hinaus in eine Welt
Van heil'gen Frauen, Gottesstreitern.

Ich kniete nieder am Altar, [strahlte.
Von 'Lieb' und Andacht ganz durch-
Hoch oben an der Decke war
Des Himmels Glorie gemahlt ;
Doch als ich wieder sah empor,
Da war gesprengt der Kuppel Bogen,
Geöffnet war des Himmels Thor
Und jede Hülle weggezogen.

Was ich für Herrlichkeit geschaud
Mit still anbetendem Erstaunen,
Was ich gehört für sel'gen Laut,
Als Orgel mehr und als Posaunen :
Das steht nicht in der Worte Macht ;
Doch wer darnach sich treulich sehnet,
Der nehme des Gelautes Acht,
Das in dem Walde dumpf ertönet !

While full in view a minster proud
In golden light stood brightly gleaming.
Methought the silvery clouds, like wings,
Upheld on high the fabric fair,
And that the top of its tall spire
Now seemed to vanish in the air.

The bell rang out its wondrous tones,
And sent them trembling through the
tower ;
Yet 'twas not rung by human hands,
But by a holy tempest's power
I felt that this same stream and storm
My beating heart had struck with dread ;
So stopt I in the lofty dome
With gladsome fear and wav'ring tread.

How felt I wand'ring thro' those halls,
Can not in words of mine be told ;
The casements gleamed so darkly clear
With sainted forms of martyrs old.
Then saw I, filled with light and life,
The picture as it wider grew ;
I looked again, and lo ! beheld
Holy knights and ladies, too.

I knelt before the altar there,
Imbued with holy love and awe,
And, painted on the ceiling high,
The glory of the heavens I saw.
But when again I looked above,
The vaulted dome had opened wide.
And opened, too was heaven's gate,
And every veil was torn aside.

What splendors then I gazed upon,
With worship and amazement blending,
What blessed sounds fell on my ear,
Both trump and organ notes transcending,
Is not in power of words to tell ;
 Howe'er, who truly longs to know,
Let him go hear the sounding bell
That in these woods is tolling so.

Conrad Weiser's Hymn.—Conrad Weiser's Hymn.

Composed for the Dedication of the First Trinity Lutheran Church, 1752.

Jehovah, Herr und Majestät !
Hör unser kindlich Flehen :
Neig deine Ohren zum Gebet
Der Scharen, die da stehen
Vor deinem heiligen Angesicht :
Verschmähe unsere Bitte nicht,
Um deines Namens willen.

Dies Haus wird heute eingeweih
Von deinem Bundes-Volke :
Lass uns, Herr, deine Herrlichkeit
Herrnieder in der Wolke,
Dass sie erfuelle dieses Haus
Und treibe alles Böse aus,
Um deines Namens willen.

"Jehovah, Lord and Mighty One !
Hear, Thou, our childlike calls ;
To all who stand before Thy face
Within these sacred walls,
Incline, dear Lord, Thy gracious ear,
Nor cast aside our fervent prayer,
For sake of Thy dear name.

The people of Thy covenant
Now consecrate this place ;
Reveal, O Lord, from out the cloud
The splendors of Thy face,
That it may flood this house with light,
And banish evil from our sight,
For sake of Thy dear name.

Sing, Maiden, Sing!

Translations into Pennsylvania-German by Mr. Zimmerman.

BARRY CORNWALL.

Sing, maiden, sing !
 Mouths were made to sing ;
 Listen—songs thou'l hear
 Through the wide world ringing ;
 Songs from all the birds,
 Songs from winds and showers,
 Songs from seas and streams,
 Even from sweet flowers.

Hearest thou the rain,
 How it gently falleth ?
 Hearest thou the bird,
 Who from the forest calleth ?
 Hearest thou the bee
 O'er the sunflower ringing ?
 Tell us, maiden, *now*—
 Shouldst thou not be singing ?

Hearest thou the breeze
 'Round the rose-bud sighing ?
 And the small sweet rose
 Love to love replying ?
 So shouldst thou reply
 To the prayer we're bringing ;
 So that the bud, thy mouth,
 Should burst forth in singing !

THOS. C. ZIMMERMAN.

Sing, Mädel, sing !
 Mäuler wär g'macht für singe ;
 Horch—G'song hörscht du
 Dorch die weit Welt ringe ;
 G'song von all die Vögel,
 G'song von Schauers und Wind,
 G'song von See und Schtrom—
 Ach, die süsse Blume singt.

Hörscht du den Rege,
 Wie er saftlich fällt ?
 Hörscht du den Vogel,
 Der vom Busch 'raus ruuft ?
 Hörscht die Imme, du,
 Uever die Sunnblum' ringe ?
 Saagt ens, Mädel, *now*—
 Setscht du net 'mohl singe ?

Hörscht du net des schtilles Wind
 Seufze um die Rose dort ?
 Und die gleene süsse Rose,
 Die wu Lieb' zu Lieb' antwort ?
 So setscht *du* als Antwort mache
 Den G'bed', wu mir dir bringe ;
 Dass der Rose-Knopf, dei Maul,
 Ufschpringe dheet mit Singe !

A Visit from St. Nicholas.—Die Nacht for de Chrischdaag.

MOORE.

'Twas the night before Christmas when
 all through the house [mouse ;
 Not a creature was stirring, not even a
 The stockings were hung by the chimney
 with care, [there ;
 In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be
 The children were nestled all snug in
 their beds, [their heads ;
 While vi-ions of sugar-plums danced in
 And mamma in 'kerchief and I in my
 cap, [winter's nap—
 Had just settled our brains for a long
 When out on the lawn there arose such a
 clatter, [the matter.
 I sprang from my bed to see what was
 Away to the window I flew like a flash,
 Tore open the shutters and threw up the
 sash. [snow,
 The moon, on the breast of the new fallen
 Gave a lust'er of midday to objects below;
 When, what to my wond'ring eyes
 should appear. [reindeer.
 But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny

ZIMMERMAN.

'S waar die Nacht for de Chrischdaag
 und durch es gans Haus [Maus ;
 Verreegt sich ke' Thierli, net emol en
 Die Schtrümpf waare schnock im Schorn-
 schte gehunke,
 In den Hoffnung der "Nick" dheet graad
 runner dschumpe ; [Bett,
 Die Kinner so schnock waare all sohd im
 Von Zuckerschleck draame un was mer,
 doch, wött ; [der Kapp,
 Die Mamme im Schnupduch un ich in
 Hen uns juscht hi geleegt for'n lang Win-
 ter's Nap— [nerse Jacht,
 Dan draus in 'm Hoof waar so 'n dun-
 Dass ich ufg'schprunge bin zu sehne
 wär's macht.
 An's Fenschter graad schpring ich so
 schnell wie'n Flasch, [Sasch !
 Die Läde ufg'risse, ufg'schmissen die
 Der Moond uf der Bruscht dem neu-
 g'fallne Schnee
 Macht elling wie Mitdaag, üwwer alles,
 so schö.

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now
Pranzer and Vixen!" [Blitzen!
On Comet! on Cupid! on Donder and
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly
When they met with an obstacle, mount
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew.
With the sleigh full of toys—and St.
And then in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot, . . . ashes and soot;
And his clothes were all tarnished with A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just open- His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples how merry! [a cherry;
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a bow, [as the snow.
And the beard on his chin was as white The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth, [a wreath.
And the smoke, it encircled his head like He had a broad face and a little round belly [full of jelly.
That shook when he laughed like a bowl He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf; [of myself.
And I laughed when I saw him in spite A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head, [to dread.
Soon gave me to know I had nothing He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work, [with a jerk,
And filled all the stockings; then turned And laying his finger aside of his nose, And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave And away they all flew like the down of a thistle [out of sight,
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove "Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night."

Im e' Aageblick kummt, jetzt, un rund wie e' Kersch [Hersch—
E' Fuhrmann im Schlide un acht kleene E' Männli in Pelze, so freundlich un frei—
'Hab graadeweck g'wüs't's muss der Pelznickel sei! [zusamme,
Wie Aadler, so schnell, sin die Herschlin Un er peist un'r ruust, un'r nennt sie mit Naame: [jetz Vixen!
"Jetz Dascher! jetzt Danzer! jetzt Pranzer!
Un Komet! un Kupid! un Dunder! un Blitzen!" [gefallen—
An der Porch isch er nuff, um die Mauer "Jetz schpringt eweck! schpringt aweak!
schpringt aweak alle!"
Wie laab for'm e Windschtrorm—der wildscht das mer seht, [werts geht,
Wann ebbes im Weeg isch un's himmell-Zum Hausgiwwel nuf sin die Herschlin wie g'flog,
Mit'm Schlidli foll Sach un der "Nick" mit gezoge; [owwedrowe—
Im e' Aageblick hörscht uf'm Dach— En Gescheer un Gedanz wie mit höl'zenie Glowwe. [Haus—
Mei Kop zieg ich nei, guk um mich im Un im Schornschte, do kummt'r wahrhaftig schun raus! [Fuus,
Mit Peltze ferwickelt fon Kop biz zum Un alles ferschnuttelt mit Aesche un Ruus! [G'schpiel—
Uf'm Buckel en Bundel foll allerhand 'S hat geguckt wie 'm Kremer sei Kramm artlig fiel. [die lache—
Sei Maul, wie 'n Kersch, un sei Dimple Sei Aage, die blinze, und wie Rosa sei Backe. [Klee,
Gans rund war sei Mäuli un roth wie der Un's Schnurbärdli weiss wie woll, oder Schnee: [Zeh,
En schtumpiges Peifli, fescht zwische de Un der schmook schteigt in Ringlin so schö in die Höh. [bissel
Sei G'sichtli so breed, un sei Bäuchli e' Uevern Lache hot g'shittelt wie Dschelly in der Schüssel. [Elfge,
So dick un so rund war des lustschitze Muss lache, graad aus un kan's gaar net helfe [Nücken—
Sei Köpli waar eifrig un schwätzig mit Sei Aage, gaar freundlich mit Blinzele un Blicken; [fröhlichem Braus.
Die Schtrümpf hot 'r g'fillt, un mit Da schpringt inschtaendig, den Schornschte hinaus; [peift en Piffl,
Dann fliege sie fort wie Duun fon der Dischtel: [hat er g'macht—
Doch eb' er gans fort waar, sei Gruss "En herrliche Chrischdaag! un zu alle,
Guut Nacht!"

Song of the Fuszgaenger.

AIR:—"The Old Oaken Bucket."

How dear to the heart are the meadows
and uplands,
When orchards are fragrant and bursting
with bloom ;
When lanes are aflutter with life and
with beauty,
And birds in the tree-tops are singing
their tune.
How fondly we turn to the shade in the
wildwood,
When summer's hot breath with fierce
heat is aglow,
And drink from the spring, that recalls
our blest childhood—
The days when our hearts were as
pure as the snow.
—
Those golden-hued days, how with rapture
we greet them !
The Junes of our Youthland, so bright
and so fair ;
Though gone like a dream from some
Eden of mem'ry,
We praise them, we bless them, in
silence and prayer !

Oh ! dear fellow-walkers, though long we
have loitered
Among the sweets haunts of our moun-
tains and dells,
Fond mem'ry brings back its delectable
treasures,
Like echoes of songs from some far
distant bells.
—
They count not, the years that are crowd-
ing upon us,
So long as our hearts are in touch
with life's May ;
The perfume of flowers, the voice of the
waters,
The glow of the autumn, e'en winter's
fierce fray,
But serve to imbue us with magical fresh-
ness,
With sweet, subtle breath, like the
odors of Spring ;
So here's to the hills, to the streams and
the valleys—
To one, each and all, our best off'rings
we bring.

Song of the Fuszgaenger.

AIR:—"Ben Bolt."

Oh ! don't you remember the days,
brother John,
The days when we tramped o'er the
hills
With footsteps so light, and with faces so
bright,
And with hearts that were pure as the
rills ?
And don't you remember the springs,
brother John,
In the gloom of the forest's repose ?
How 'mid merriest sound the cup went
around,
While, like incense, our thanks slowly
rose ?
—
And don't you remember the flow'rs,
brother John,
The flowers that bloomed 'long the
road—
The hum of the bees, and the songs in
the trees,
And the murmur of brooks as they
flowed ?

Let us, brother John, then, thank God for
His love,
For health, and for friends, and for life;
For th'birds and the flowers, for the sun,
and for showers,
Aye, for home, and for child, and for
wife.
—

And now that the woodlands are bud-
ding again,
And the robins are singing their lay,
And the streams are unbound, with wel-
coming sound
The walkers must wend on their way.
In the sweet, balmy air there are thou-
sands of notes,
And the meadows with rapture are
thrilled,
In mute words telling, how hearts should
be swelling,
As our vision with blossoms is filled.

In Schiller's Honor.

An Address before the Canstatter Verein by Thos. C. Zimmerman.

The 130th anniversary of the birthday of the poet Schiller was celebrated on the evening of November 11th, 1889, at their hall, Fifth and Franklin streets, Reading. A large and deeply interested audience was present. The exercises consisted of music and addresses. Following are the remarks made by Thos. C. Zimmerman:

I certainly feel complimented by being called upon to say anything in this presence. We have met to-night to revive the glories of a name that has become a precious heritage to literature—that of Schiller, the genius of poesy, romance and intellectual liberty. One hundred and thirty years look down upon his warbling muse and sublime fancy as still delighting humanity. The eye of Destiny, which has witnessed the moldering into dust of temples and trophies, and which has seen much of the pomp of civilization buried; which has seen the crumbling gates of Troy resolve themselves into dust and every vestige of the ruins of ancient cities wiped from the face of the earth, is resting lovingly to-night on the assured immortality of one who wears a crown brighter than the diadem of the Caesars, and whose glory and fame have become the proud possession of a never-ending posterity.

The presence here, to-night, of so large an audience to participate in celebrating the natal anniversary of Germany's most illustrious poet, is an evidence not only of the existence of that instinct which ever places the love of Fatherland supreme in the German heart, and whose all-pervading presence domes every German home and every German being like a sky, but it is a living proof of

an intelligence which seeks to honor the memory of an imperial mind whose regal gifts have enriched the literary treasures of the world.

We have met here, as hundreds of thousands are now doing all over the world, to pay our tribute of respect to the memory of one who was a very king in the domain of Creative Thought. Celebrations like these will help to make him more than ever a familiar presence. More and more he is finding his way into human hearts and homes. Under the forceful influences of his splendid conception, grouped and colored as they are with a masterly hand, humanity will continue to be moved and exalted as under the spell of one divinely gifted.

In his great article on Dante, Lowell recalls the fact that at the Round Table of King Arthur there was left always one seat empty for him who should accomplish the adventure of the Holy Grail. It was called the perilous seat because of the dangers he must encounter who would win it. In the company of the epic poets, he adds, there was a place left for whoever should embody the Christian idea of a triumphant life, outwardly all defeat, inwardly victorious, who should make us partakers of that cup of sorrow in which all are communicants with Christ. He who should do this would indeed achieve the

perilous seat, for he must combine poesy with doctrine in such cunning wise that one lose not its beauty nor the other its sovereignty, and Dante has done it, says Lowell exultingly. So with Schiller in the realm of German poesy. In the temple consecrate to genius, it is he who occupies the exalted place. There he sits enthroned like a king.

The better to form an estimate of Schiller's claims on posterity—I mean now among English readers—it is necessary to remember that he preceded the great poets who have made the Nineteenth Century an era in British literature inferior only to the Elizabethan. To quote a passage from a critical commentary of his works: "The influence of genius circulates insensibly, through a thousand channels impossible to trace; and, as in Elizabeth's day, the Italian mind colored deeply the very atmosphere in which Shakespeare breathed inspiration, so, in the earlier years of the present century, the spirit of Schiller operated almost equally on those versed in, and those ignorant of, the German language. It affected each peculiar mind according to its own peculiar idiosyncrasy—was reflective with Coleridge, chivalrous with Scott, animated and passionate with Byron, and transfused its lyric fire into the kindling melodies of Campbell." Schiller himself has said of the German Muse:

No Augustan century,
No propitious Medici
Smil'd on German art when young;
Glory nourish'd not her powers,
She unfolded not her flowers
Princes' fav'ring rays among.
From the mighty Fred'rick's throne
Germany's most glorious son,—
Went she forth, defenceless, spurn'd;
Proudly Germans may repeat,
While their hearts more gladly beat—
They themselves their crown have earned.
Therefore mounts with nobler pride,
Therefore with a fuller tide
Pour the stream of German bards;
With his own abundance swells—
From the inmost bosom wells—
Chains of methods disregards.

Dear old Germany! the land of those twin immortals, Schiller and Goethe. We love the tenderness of her song and the witchery of her romance. In imagination we are soothed by the music of her shepherds' horns and lulled into pleasant dreams by the tinkling of the

bells upon her sheep and kine. It is there where

Splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
and where

The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

Whether charmed with her sweetly-flowing rills or wooed by the wild melody of her mountain torrents; whether we are stirred by the languid pulses of her summer air, or awed by the black and frowning strength of her mountain crags; whether imbued with the art which gave to literature the incomparable "Diver," the sublimest ballad in the world; whether thrilled by the dramatic movement of "Wallenstein," or moved by the fierce energy of "The Robbers," which has been likened to some ancient rugged pile of a barbarous age. Schiller and the land of his birth will continue to grow more and more resplendent—the one with his noble aspirations, overpowering genius and asthetic art saturating with sweet discourse the pages of literature; the other with its happy homes, its unity of domestic life, its patriotism, its music, its philosophy, its history and its poesy, making glad the hearts of all her children everywhere, for it is in Germany, as Schiller himself has pictured it, where

Man and the soil serene
Dwell neighbor like together—and the still
Meadow sleeps peaceful round the rural door.

In conclusion, let me say that I am glad to see growing evidences all about us of an ever-increasing regard of the American heart for the sturdy honesty and the intellectual and artistic wealth of the German people. The close commingling of the different portions of the great Anglo-Saxon family will more closely unite in one common bond the political and social sympathies of our people, and help to a better appreciation of the duties which we owe to each other, to society, and to government.

Travelers, we are told, are sometimes thrilled in seeing for the first time the inscription, *Hier wohnte Schiller*, over the door of a small house on Schiller-strasse, in Weimar. Let us so study the character, the philosophy and the genius of this great poet, that we may lay our hands upon our hearts, and say: "HIER wohnte Schiller."



A Notable Entertainment.

Mr. T. C. Zimmerman's Translation of Schiller's Masterpiece Recited by
Mayor Kenney before the Harmonie Mænnerchor.

[From the *Reading Times*, January 24, 1889.]

The grand musical and literary entertainment of the Harmonie-Mænnerchor at their hall last evening was the superior, in every respect, of the long list of entertainments heretofore given by this society; besides, the rendition of literary and musical productions whose authors are among us and are so well known to every person in the city, added an interest to the entertainment which those of the past have lacked. The hall was filled, every seat on the main floor having been taken, while the east gallery was crowded. The full programme arranged for the evening has been published in the *TIRES*, having appeared in Monday morning's issue. Harmonie-Mænnerchor orchestra was first on the programme, while the second number was by the Mænnerchor, the title of the song being "Weib, Wein und Gesang," "Love's Sorrow," a tenor solo by Mr. Daniel Roland, was greeted with hearty applause, and was followed by another selection by the orchestra. The part of the programme in which the greatest interest centered was then reached—the recitation, by Mayor James R. Kenney, of Mr. Thos. C. Zimmerman's translation of the renowned German poet Schiller's masterpiece, "The Song of the Bell." Many of the persons present in order to better catch every word, rose to their feet as Mr. Wm. Rosenthal stepped to the front and said :

MR. ROSENTHAL'S INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

"Please permit me to invite your special kind attention to the recitation, announced in to-night's programme, of a masterpiece of German poetry, Schiller's "Song of the Bell," as translated into English by our gifted townsmen, Thomas C. Zimmerman. It has been my good fortune to receive an advance copy from my esteemed friend, thus enabling me to read carefully and to compare his work with a number of previous translations rendered by celebrated authors. Dr. Furness's translation has been pronounced to be the standard work heretofore; Sir Bulwer Lytton painted an admirable poetical picture of the song. Elliot, Baskerville, Earl of Ellsmere, Dwight and Frothingham, and other eminent writers furnished highly creditable productions, and Edgar Bowring came nearest in my judgment to the ideal representation of the original in the English language. It has been well said, that an English Schiller himself would not be able to do full justice to the German original of the Bell in the English language. When I, in the face of all these celebrated translations, emphatically express my own opinion that Thomas C. Zimmerman's work is not excelled by any one so far rendered, and is superior in many fine points, I assure you, that it is not personal

admiration, but true conviction, that prompts me to proclaim this my judgment from this stand. It is an entirely new and original work; it is in its metrical adaptation to the original poem almost perfect; its poetical form and expression is chaste, true and lofty, and the contemporaneous surroundings of a century ago, which Schiller's creation necessarily would reflect, have diligently been searched and thus enabled the author to present a more faithful adherence to the German original than most of his co-translators have succeeded in doing. This work will be recited by the Hon. James R. Kenney."

MAYOR KENNEY'S APPEARANCE.

Mayor Kenney's appearance was greeted with hearty applause, but scarcely had the first words of his preliminary remarks been uttered when the audience quieted down and listened to him with the most marked attention. Mr. Kenney's rendition of the translation was well worthy of the compliments it received from those who heard him. Although having less than a week's time to study the poem, he seemed to have thoroughly grasped the picture the author so beautifully paints in words, and presented it to his hearers in such a way as to also bring to their minds, through Mr. Zimmerman's translation, a more full understanding of what the poet saw before him when he penned the immortal lines.

At the conclusion of the recitation the applause was deafening, and cries of "Zimmerman" came from all parts of the hall, and only ceased when Mr. Zimmerman stepped to the platform and said :

MR. ZIMMERMAN'S REMARKS.

"I thank you for this mark of appreciation. Expressions like this are a pleasure and a recompence—a pleasure in that they convey the good wishes of kindly disposed neighbors and friends; a recompence in that they bring to honest endeavor the coveted "well done!" It is not my purpose, however, to inflict a speech upon you, as I am not practised in the graces of public utterance, and so, with your permission, I will briefly recount, although in, perhaps, less inviting form, the exalted virtues of one whose epic and dramatic idealism, impassioned eloquence, and artistic grace and felicity,

gave to the world of German literature, next to Goethe, the greatest poet Germany has produced. I need hardly say that I refer to Friederich von Schiller, the author of "*Das Lied von der Glocke*," the finest of his lyrics, which, in common with many others, I have attempted to translate for English readers, and which translation Mayor Kenney has rendered so acceptably this evening. No less an illustrious personage than Bulwer, who himself has made a translation of all the metrical productions of Schiller, characterizes this great German poet as "the representative of the civilization of Northern Manhood and Christian sentiment." "In his poems," says Bulwer, may be seen "a great and forcible intellect uniting with a golden chain the outer world and the inner to the Celestial Throne;" the vocation of whose Muse 'is a Religious Mission, who loses not her spiritual prerogative, though shorn of her stately pageantry, and despoiled of her festive robes; whose power to convert and to enlighten, to purify and to raise, depends not on the splendor of her appearance, but on the truths that she proclaims."

To thoroughly appreciate a genius like Schiller, with all the subtleties of his expression, the robust character of his verse, its classic rhythm and sublime energy, one should be able to understand the original form into which his work was fashioned. His is not "the lay that lightly floats;" his not the murmuring, dying cadences

"That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly;"
but more like

"The passionate strain that, deeply going,
Refines the bosom it trembles through,
As the musk-wind, over the water blowing,
Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it, too."

Aye, more. All through his poetical works there is noticeable, on every hand, a rugged loftiness of purpose and a grandeur of diction, suggestive oftentimes of tenderness, as well as majesty, and quickening power; that deepens the moral convictions of men, and enlarges and intensifies their spiritual conceptions. Much of this necessarily escapes in translation, "even if," as Bulwer expresses it, "an English Schiller were himself to translate." Again I thank you for your patient attention.

Song of the Bell.

Cordial Reception of Mr. Zimmerman's Translation of Schiller's Famous Poem.—Tributes from all Quarters.

Following extracts are from some of the many kind letters and notices received by Mr. Thos. C. Zimmerman in reference to his recent translation into English of Schiller's famous "*Das Lied von der Glocke*."

Letter From Oswego State Normal School.

Prof. Otto H. L. Schwetzky, instructor in German and Latin in the State Normal School, Oswego, N. Y., wrote as follows :

"I have just read in *Germania* a part of your translation of Schiller's *Glocke*, and am struck with its beauty and faithfulness. I must have the whole of your translation for my German class. * * * Being a German, an enthusiastic reader of Schiller and a teacher of German, I can appreciate your almost marvelous success. The transformation worked by you is such as we are wont to find in fairy tales only, where we accept the wonderful without asking any questions, because every thing seems natural enough, after bewilderment has changed to fascination.

Your translation proves the maxim, that the simplest solution of a problem is the one nearest the truth. May I venture to guess at the secrets of your workshop? Did you not set out to translate every word by itself? and when you had them all, did you not put them together as you would a number of marbles on a plate, just large enough for the marbles to cover its bottom, and then with one

masterly movement give a shake that made every marble get into line, the whole representing a symmetrical, complete picture, which nothing can improve?"

Letter From Canada.

A. Purslow, M. A., LL. D., headmaster of Port Hope High School, Ontario, Canada, says:

"I have checked a few of the crucial verses in your translation of Schiller's 'The Song of the Bell,' and would add mine to the many compliments you have already received were I not afraid that they would be as unnoticed as a small boy in a crowd. I consider myself fortunate in securing a copy of so excellent a translation of my favorite German poem."

From the Argentine Republic.

Maj. O. C. James, writing from Carrarana, Argentine Republic, S. A., said, among other things:

"I am not familiar enough with the German to read poetry with any great sense of its beauty, hence 'The Song of the Bell' in the original was a sealed book. Your translation, therefore, appeals to me with all the force of a first presentation in strong, terse, yet musically-flowing English. I read it with great pleasure, and need not say that you have my hearty congratulations on your great achievement."

Kind Words From California.

Nathan Stein, teller in Wells Fargo & Co's. Bank, San Francisco, writes thus:

"I rejoice to find the honor has fallen on a 'Lebanon county boy' (of which I'm one myself, though born in Dauphin,) of making so fine and approved a translation of so great a German original. It has always appeared to me among the 'Pennsylvania Dutch' who have been blessed with opportunities—or impelling power to help themselves—should be found the ablest interpreters, to English readers, of the treasures of German literature, and in such as Bayard Taylor's and yours I find the record fairly started that will confirm my opinion. You have my hearty good wishes for all future endeavors you may make in that line."

Letter From Berlin, Germany.

Theodore Liebermann, of San Francisco, wrote from Berlin, Germany, in these words:

"The translation of the *Clocke* which I admired so much in its recitation to the steamship's company on board the steamer Lahn by Capt. Andrews, a fellow-passenger from Toronto Canada, and which I borrowed the next day for careful personal reading. I should like to have. Please send me a copy to Berlin. I wish to offer you my compliments for the rare talent you have shown in the work of translation."

The Philadelphia "Demokrat's" High Compliment.

The Philadelphia *Demokrat* of the 30th ultimo contains the following very complimentary notice :

"An eminent translator of German classical poems into the English is Mr. Thomas C. Zimmerman, editor of the Reading *TIRES*. A large number of such translations have been already published. They excel not only in choice poetical language, but also by a most faithful adherence to the original, and well deserve to be compiled into one general edition. The latest, which Mr. Zimmerman has furnished, is a translation of Schiller's 'Bell.' There are already existing a number of excellent translations into the English of the 'Bell' from Bulwer's to Rev. Furness's of Philadelphia, which up to the present time has been judged to be the best, but which, indeed, is excelled by that of Mr. Zimmerman in the accuracy of the rendition of the original."

From the Editor of the New York Times.

C. R. Miller, editor-in-chief of the New York *Times*, sent the following:

"I have lately seen a copy of your translation of Schiller's 'Song of the Bell,' and have been so much struck by its fidelity and excellence that I make bold to ask you where and how I can obtain it."

"A Triumph of the Translator's Art."
[From the New York *World*.]

Thomas C. Zimmerman, editor of the Reading (Pa.) *TIRES*, has made a fine translation of Schiller's "Song of the Bell." Mr. Zimmerman's rendering is a triumph of the translator's art, and recalls the work of Bayard Taylor.

"An Admirable Translation."

J. G. Rosengarten, Esq., one of Philadelphia's leading attorneys, writes as follows :

"I congratulate you on being a poet who is honored at home; it is an augury of good things yet to come."

Prof. F. A. Muhlenberg's Greetings.

Prof. F. A. Muhlenberg, late Professor of Greek in the University of Pennsylvania, writes under date of the 26th ultimo :

"I have read with great interest, and great pleasure, your spirited translation of Schiller's 'Song of the Bell.' It is a real masterpiece of poetic work, on your part, for the translation, owing to the constantly varying rhythms of the original presents peculiar difficulties. I have read over your translation several times, with admiration of your success; and am disposed to say you are competent to grapple with any difficulties in German poetry, after such a specimen."

I cannot do anything else than praise your industry, and wise economy of time; in laboring, in this delightful department of literature, for your own pleasure and profit, and the benefit of the present and future generations.

I hope, when you have a sufficiency of your literary labors on hand, you will have them collected in a volume, for our permanent possession."

N. Y. Herald's High Praise.

Mr. Thomas C. Zimmerman, one of the proprietors of the Reading *TIRES*, has placed his name in the category of famous *litterateurs* by a very creditable translation of Schiller's "Song of the Bell."

What B. P. Shillaber Says.

B. P. Shillaber (Mrs. Partington,) Boston, writes of the translation :

* * * "The sturdiness of the poem attests its fidelity, and I think there is a self-evidence of this in the construction of the versification, and to read it one might be lead to say, with the New Jersey justice, when opposing evidence was called for in a certain case, "You needn't bring it on—my mind is made up." I congratulate you on the success you have achieved, and trust that you may be led to gather all you have written and give it to the world in books. *

Judge McPherson's Beautiful Tribute.

Under date of Jan. 29th, Hon. John B. McPherson, additional law judge of the Dauphin-Lebanon judicial district, writes as follows :

"It is not given to every translator to follow faithfully his original and yet preserve its felicities both of thought and expression, and that you have so abundantly succeeded in an effort of unusual difficulty is convincing proof that you have had the invaluable aid of that inner, imaginative sympathy without which translation is mechanical work hardly worth doing."

Congratulations from California.

Mr. John S. Hittell, historian of the Golden State, and a gentleman of profound scholarly attainments, sends the following :

1025 HYDE STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 2, 1889.

MR. T. C. ZIMMERMAN:

Dear Sir:—Let me congratulate you on the merit of your translation of "Das Lied von der Glocke," by Schiller, published in the Reading TIMES AND DISPATCH of the 24th ult:

I would like still more to congratulate you on making your journal a steadfast and influential advocate of the study of high German by the Pennsylvania Germans, who can learn it easily and will not forget it, as they do their French and their Latin. Next to the English, the German language has the richest of all literatures; and in many branches it is worth more to the scholar than all other foreign tongues, ancient and modern together.

I am a Pennsylvania German by birth; I have studied three ancient languages; I speak four of the tongues of modern Continental Europe; and therefore I know something of what I write.

What Geo. G. Barclay Writes.

Geo. G. Barclay, Esq., for many years a practitioner at the Berks county bar, late of Philadelphia, deceased, wrote thus:

Dear Zimmerman.—I have just read a pamphlet copy of your translation of Schiller's masterpiece, "The Song of the Bell," and I am delighted with it. It has touched my heart, and affected my head, as a glass of sparkling champagne, such as we used to have in "the olden time," when there was champagne. If you were not of "Old Berks," * * that piece of yours would be applauded to the very echo that doth applaud again

I have read Bulwer, but his translation has not left upon my mind the impression that I know yours will. I have forgotten his; I doubt whether I will as soon forget your *fine* translation.

Allow me to say—and I don't intend to flatter—that I think and know that there is a good deal of poetry in your make which ought to be better appreciated than it is, but—but—but—"a prophet is not without honor save in his own country."

Praise from Robert J. Burdette.

Under date of the 29th ultimo, Robert J. Burdette, the world-renowned humorist, writes from Bryn Mawr, as follows :

My dear friend Zimmerman.—I have just been reading the "Song of the Bell"—Schiller interpreted by Zimmerman. Happy the poet who hath an interpreter whose heart throbs in harmony and cadence with his own.

So be the mission of your pen, my friend—

"—This henceforth its calling be
* * * * a voice from heaven,
Like yonder starry hosts, so clear,
Who in their course extol their Maker,
And onward lead the wreath-crowned year,
To earnest things and things eternal,
Devoted be its metal tongue."

Itself hath written its own prophecy !

What Pres't White, of Cornell, Says.

President White, of Cornell University, writes as follows :

That your work obeys the chief requisite for a translation of a poem,—fidelity to the original metre and rime,—is not the least of its merits. And I trust that one influence from its publication will be to attract more readers to become better acquainted with the many noble lyric utterances of Schiller himself."

A Scholarly Review.

The following ably-written criticism is from the pen of J. B. Ker, who, while a resident of Scotland, once stood for Parliament:

To Col. T. C. ZIMMERMAN—Sir. Having read and studied your notable translation of Schiller's "Song of the Bell," I have been forcibly impressed by the music of the language into which you have rendered the poem. This is a merit of capital importance in the translation of this poem. In estimating the value of translations of the great German poems, it is necessary to bear in mind the weight which the literary and critical consciousness of Germany attached to the ancient classical canons of poetry. There is no question here as to whether the ancients were right. The point for us is that their influence was loyally acknowledged as of high authority during the Augustan age of German literature. Proof of this can be found in Goethe as distinctly as it superabundantly appears in Lessing's famous "Dramatic Notes," where the poetic dicta of Aristotle are treated with profound respect.

In the study of Aristotle's work on the Poetic, nothing is perhaps more striking than his dictum that poetry is imitation, with the explanation or enlargement so aptly given by Pope in the words :

'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must see in an echo to the sense.
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers
flows :
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough waves should like the torrent
roar
When Ajax strives some rocks vast weight to
threw.
The line, too, labors, and the words move slow,
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, or skims along
the plain.

Now knowing the German recognition of the law and acknowledging its realization in the works of the leading Teutonic poets, one of the crucial tests of a translation of a great German poem is, Does the language into which the original is rendered form an "*echo to the sense?*"

It seems to me that one of the strongest points in your translation of the "Bell" is that the words which you have selected and gathered have sounds, which like the music of a skillful musical composer, convey a signification independently of their literal meaning. Not to protract these remarks unduly, few words could more appropriately refer to the music of strong and distant bells than your rendering

"That from the metal's unmixed sounding
Clear and full may the bell be sounding."

Very slight poetic capacity must admit the music of these words as eminently happy in the "Song of the Bell."

The echo to the sense is also striking in the sound of the word-symbols in many places throughout the rendering where the poet describes the occurrences conceived in connection with the bell's imagined history.

Speaking of the visions of love

"*O, that they woul be never-ending,
These vernal days with lovelight blending;*"

the way in which the penult of the word "ending" conveys the idea of finality, while the affix of the present participle yet prolongs the word as though loath to let it depart, is a beautiful and enviable realization of the Aristotelian rule, a prolongation of the words which expresses doubly a prolongation of desire.

The four lines reading :

"*Blind raging, like the thunder's crashing,
It bursts its fractured bed of earth,
As if from out hell's jaws fierce flashing,
It spewed its flaming ruin forth,*"

have a vehement strength and a rough and even a painful and horrid sound which apply with singular propriety to the horrible images by which the poet presents the catastrophe to our quickened apprehensions.

The beautiful lines :

"*Joy to me now God hath given,*" &c.

in which the bell-founder exults, avoiding, as they do, the deeper vowel sounds and preserving as it were a series of high musical notes save where the gift descends from Heaven to earth when the vowel sounds fall from high to low, form a delightful resonance of the happy sentiment they embody.

The general experience of translations is that they are more prosy than sonorous or musical. Few, however, if any, will deny the melody of your language in many places and its remarkable appropriateness in others, and those who have worked on similar translations can best judge how great is the success you have accomplished in this valuable contribution to Engl.-Saxon literature.

"Recalling the Finest Works of Bayard Taylor."

[From the Philadelphia Times.]

Thomas C. Zimmerman, editor of the Reading TIMES, has made a fine translation of Schiller's "Song of the Bell," which is said to recall some of the finest works of Bayard Taylor

A Contemporary's Cordial Greeting.

To the Reading *Evening Telegram*, the translator is indebted for the following graceful compliment :

"Editor Zimmerman, of the *Times*, has had the many complimentary newspaper notices of his translation of Schiller's 'Song of the Bell,' together with the letters of congratulation of personal friends and literateurs printed with his translation in pamphlet form. This book is a treasure house filled with the sweet incense of praise, the reward of well-spent time and labor, and shows that the popular appreciation will follow all deserving effort. Editor Zimmerman's literary work, the largest part of which is in the columns of the *Times*, has always borne the impress of a scholarly taste, and some of his best efforts have been his sketches of nature as he saw it in his rambles about the city. That he should have been able to make translations of the German classical lyrics is not surprising, for he possesses the gift of poesy which only needed occasion for its development. It will be far more surprising if he is not accorded the place in the world of letters which he should occupy."

"Germany's" Criticism of the Translation.

From a criticism published in *Germany*, a monthly magazine published in Boston, the following extracts are made :

Wir haben schon früher einmal darauf hingewiesen welch' vortreffliches Mittel der aufmerksame Vergleich einer guten Uebersetzung mit dem Originale jedem Studierenden an die Hand giebt, um in den Geist der Sprache einzudringen. Selten haben wir uns von der Wahrheit dieser Behauptung so Ueberzeugt gefühlt wie beim Lesen der trefflichen Uebersetzung des Herrn Zimmerman. Herr Zimmerman ist kein Neuling in der Uebersetzungskunst, wie wir hören, hat er schon manches herrliche deutsche Gedicht : "Die Lorelei," "Erlkönig," "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," u. a. ins Englische übertragen, und sich durch seine genaue und dichterische Wiedergabe des Originals die höchste Anerkennung erworben. Wir müssen gestehn dass wir seine Uebersetzung von Schiller's Lied von der Glocke aber doch mit einem gewissen Zweifel in die Hand nahmen. Die Aufgabe, dieses herrliche Gedicht zu übersetzen, ist eine so ungeheure, die Uebersetzungen der tüchtigsten Männer standen so tief unter dem Original, dass sie uns fast unmöglich vorkam. Wunderbar hat sich Herr

Zimmermann seiner Aufgabe entledigt. Seine Uebersetzung erreicht das Original nicht, sie kommt demselben aber wohl am nächsten. Einige Stellen sind mit solcher Meisterschaft wiedergegeben, wie es nur ein Genie, ein hochbegabter Dichter vermag. * * *

'Lust und Liebe sind die Fittiche zu grossen Thaten', das sieht man recht an dem Werke des Herrn Zimmerman. Möge das Lob, welches er sich durch diese Arbeit erworben hat, den Verfasser zu ähnlichen Werken anspornen, das ist unser innigster Wunsch.

[TRANSLATION.]

Upon a previous occasion we have pointed out the excellent means which are placed in the hands of the student to enter into the spirit of a language by a careful comparison of a creditable translation with the original. Seldom have we felt so convinced of the truth of this assertion, as by reading the excellent translation of Mr. Zimmerman. Mr. Zimmerman is no novice in the art of translation, as we are informed; he has translated into English many a beautiful German poem such as "The Lorelei," "Erlking," "A Rock-Bound Fortress is our God," and others, and by his accurate and poetic rendition of the original earned the highest recognition. We must admit that we took in hand his translation of Schiller's "Song of the Bell" with certain misgivings. The task of translating this beautiful poem is so enormous; the translations of the most capable men stood so far beneath the original that it appeared to us afeat well nigh impossible.

Wonderfully has Mr. Zimmerman acquitted himself of his task. His translation does not reach the original; it however, comes nearest to it. Several parts are rendered in such masterly manner, as only a genius, a highly-gifted poet, is enabled to do.

'Pleasure and love are the wings to great deeds'; this can be particularly seen in this work of Mr. Zimmerman. May the praise, which he has received through this work, inspire the author to similar works, is our most ardent wish.

What the San Francisco "Call" Says.

Thomas C. Zimmerman, editor of the Reading *Times*, has made a fine translation of Schiller's "Song of the Bell," which is said to recall some of the finest works of Bayard Taylor.

"A Remarkable Production."

John W. Mish, Esq., of Lebanon, in a letter dated the 30th ultimo, says :

"Dear Mr. Zimmerman:—Your translation of Schiller's "Song of the Bell" is a remarkable production—following exactly the peculiar metrical construction of the original throughout and yet retaining the absolute literal expression of the author.

Evidences of a discernment extraordinary, united with poetic genius, from which still higher flights can be anticipated.

To the translator I tender my warmest congratulations, and hope soon to welcome an Epic or an Idyl from the gifted translator."

"Commands the Attention of All Lovers of Poetry."

[From the Lancaster (Pa.) Intelligencer.]

"The translation commands the attention of all lovers of poetry, and as reproducing with accuracy and force the poetic thought of Schiller's masterpiece, it is a notable work. In the minds of a great many, however, the only right of poetry to exist depends upon the melody of the language used, and it has been found almost impossible for even the greatest poets to translate a poem with exact adherence to the thought and an equal care for the sound effect. It has been said that Longfellow sacrificed sense to sound, and Zimmerman may be taxed with the smaller fault of reversing the sacrifice and preserving the vigor and beauty of the thought. If the English language cannot accommodate itself to Schiller so much the worse for the language. In many passages, however, words and thoughts are equally pleasing, and we have to thank the talented Pennsylvania editor for an excellent and valuable addition to our translated literature."

"A Wonderful Success."

[From the Reading Herald.]

"The translation is a wonderful success in "etting over," to use the German idiom, into the English language the whole poem without apparently marring a sentiment or jarring out of place the delicate music that Schiller put into it. In doing this he [Mr. Zimmerman] has performed a service for English readers not to be overestimated, and has added much to the fame he has already acquired by his admirable translations of some of the masterpieces of German poetry."

"Charming and Impressive."

[From the Philadelphia City Item.]

"It is worthy of the reputation of Mr. Zimmerman, who possesses the poetic faculty in an eminent degree, and whose facility as a writer is charming and impressive."

A Poetic Tribute.

Rev. Theodore E. Schmauk, associate pastor of Salem's Lutheran church, Lebanon, and a gentleman of high literary culture, writes from "On Board Train," "New York State," as follows :

"My Dear Mr. Zimmerman:—Your new translation in my hand has kept my eyes from the snowy scenes, through which I am being whirled, along the shores of Seneca Lake.

In a pure white flame you have fused over again the great German *Glocke*, and run its molten metal into the ever changing, mightily-stirring metrical mould of the original, with such success

That both heart and eye delighted,
May behold the perfect form.

If the German 'Glocke' be 'like a golden star,' and vibrate with golden tones; surely the English "Bell is like a silvery star, and sings a silvery song."

"Poetic Genius of a High Order."

[From the Harrisburg (Pa.) Telegraph.]

"Schiller's "Song of the Bell" is one of the finest poems in the German or any other language, and Mr. Zimmerman has translated it in a manner which preserves the beauty of sentiment and imagery of the original, and gives him fresh claims on the praise of lovers of pure, vigorous English. The *Telegraph* congratulates Mr. Zimmerman on his success as a translator."

Shows Skill and Taste.

The Book Buyers' Guide of Baltimore, recently contained the following under its editorial head: "Editor Zimmerman, of the esteemed *Reading Times*, finds time in the intervals of daily work to woo the muses. He recently published a metrical translation of Schiller's 'Das Lied von der Glocke.' It compares favorably with similar efforts by other writers and shows no little skill and literary taste. The Bell Song is one of the most difficult poems to render into English to be found among Schiller's writings. It has a great variety of metre and the meaning in the original is in some cases not a little obscure. Mr. Zimmerman has received, as he deserves, the complements of the craft."

A Clergyman's Congratulations.

Rev. S H. Hoover, pastor of St. Peter's M. E. church, this city, concludes a letter to the translator in these words :

* * * "You have a way of getting at the meaning of the German poets—that's really genius. How do you do it? Tell us your secret. I think even Schiller himself is indebted to you and ought to rise and thank you for making his Bell ring out so grandly its melodious peals to the comfort and delight of the busy peoples of this busy century."

"Eminently Creditable."

[From the Scranton Truth.]

"Eminently creditable to that gentleman's literary skill."

Brentano's Publishing House Wants It.

Brentanos' publishers and booksellers, 5 Union Square, New York, write as follows :

THOS. C. ZIMMERMAN—*Dear Sir*—Where can we obtain "The Song of Bell" by you? If you can supply it please send one, with bill.

From the Deputy Sup't of Penna. Schools.

The following congratulatory letter is from the Deputy Superintendent of the Common Schools of the State :

"Commonwealth of Pennsylvania,
Department of Public Instruction, }
HARRISBURG, Feb. 12, 1889.

"*Mr. Zimmerman*—Your translation of Schiller's poem, entitled, "The Song of the Bell," came here during my absence. I have read it over and over again, and I am glad to admit that you have accomplished a task which to me seemed impossible. I thought there is no English which could take the place of this beautiful German.

With your translation before me, I am ready to say it is Schiller's poem in English as it is in German. We are proud of the fact that you belong to Lebanon county."

An "Ideal Interpretation."

The following note from New York city explains itself :

The harmonious blending of words, the true and ideal interpretation of the great German poet's masterwork, is through your masterly translation made truly perfect. The clear and sweet intonations of the "Bell" now have the identical metallic ring in both languages!"

Very sincerely yours,
LOUIS C. WOEHNING.

Revealing "a Mine of Poetic Wealth."

Hon Charles B. Forney, a retired iron-master residing at Lebanon, and a writer of State-wide reputation, sends the following under date of the 12th instant :

"*FRIEND ZIMMERMAN*.—*Dear Sir*—Your translation of Schiller's "Song of the Bell" is deservedly calling forth the praise of capable critics. It is a literary triumph of which you may well feel proud, ranking as it does your name with those of the most distinguished translators from the German. The mine of poetic wealth you have revealed to us in your translations, is not only invaluable in itself, but forcibly teaches the same lesson, that "man lives not by bread alone." Those who minister to our higher and better nature are few—you are destined to be one of them."

What the Editor of "American Notes and Queries" Says.

Under date of February 12th, instant, W. H. Garrison, one of the editors and publishers of *American Notes and Queries*, says :

"*My Dear Sir*—I spoke yesterday to Mr. Levy, a highly intelligent German, editing the *Evening Herald* of this city, about the translation of "The Song of the Bell." If you will forward him a copy for notice it will be appreciated as greatly as it was by

Very truly yours,
W. H. GARRISON.

What Rothermel, the Great Historical Painter, Says.

P. F. Rothermel, the well known painter of the "Battle of Gettysburg," writes as follows :

"*My Dear Mr. Zimmerman*—I read your translation of Schiller's "Song of the Bell;" also your paper containing many expressions of very great value from scholars, whose praise, unreserved and spontaneous as it is, stamps your translation as a work of the greatest merit.

I wish also heartily to congratulate you upon the manner in which the public has met your work by its pronounced appreciation."

Never Saw a Better Piece of Work.

"I find your translation very good. I have never seen a better piece of work. The same opinion of its high merit is entertained by all to whom I have shown the translation."

Yours truly,
GEO. HOEHN.

360 Seventh Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The Finest Translation Yet Made."

Under this caption appears the following editorial from the columns of the Easton (Pa.) *Sunday Call*:

The truest translation yet made, notwithstanding so scholarly a gentleman as Dr. Furness and several others equally eminent, had previously translated it. This is but one of the many creditable translations rendered from the German by our gifted editorial brother."

"As an evidence of the esteem in which the people of Reading hold him, it may be stated that at a musical festival held there, by the most popular society of the city, a part of the program was the recitation, by the Mayor of the city, of the English translation alluded to, to a large and intelligent audience of the *elite* of Reading."

"Adding Lustre to the Illustrious Schiller."

Dr. S. T. Lineaweafer, of Lebanon, sends the following highly flattering commendation of the translator's work : "You must certainly be divinely-gifted, in a poetical sense, to reproduce in a foreign language, a poem hitherto deemed tame except in its original language. I recognize the difficulty of a poetical translation into hard English, from the German, and was amazed as well as gratified to know that a fellow-townsman of mine could add lustre to the illustrious Schiller. This translation will go down to generations of English-reading people in company with its illustrious author."

A New York Lady's Congratulations.

A daintily-written note, approaching in delicacy of form and feature the attractiveness of copperplate, reached the translator from New York a few days ago. It is dated as follows:

1135 Lex. Ave., Cor. 79th St.,
NEW YORK, Feb. 12, 1889. }

"My familiarity with the German language has enabled me to enjoy the original works of this poet laureate—and you through an admirable translation, perfectly reflect the beauties of the poem, thereby enabling American ladies to share the enjoyment, and appreciate this favorite poet to a far greater degree than heretofore."

Very respectfully,
FRANCES WOEHNING.

Achieving Fame.

[From the Scranton Republican.]

"Mr. Zimmerman has achieved no little fame as a translator of poetry from German to English."

"Americanizing the German Muse."

Dr. Frank Cowan, of Greensburgh, well known in literary and scientific circles as a writer of scholarly ability, sends the following :

"THOMAS C. ZIMMERMAN, Esq., Reading, Pa.—*My Dear Sir* :—I congratulate you heartily on the series of brilliant successes which you have achieved in Americanizing the German Muse. It seems to me to be the capping-sheaf to our general success in naturalizing the Germans, to make our own the highest evolutions of their poetic thought. It is becoming in a man of your name and lineage to engage in this work ; it is within the compass of your well-known powers of appreciation and expression to continue your successes indefinitely, and have no rival save yourself ; and it is my earnest prayer that you work away until—poetically, at least—the terms Pennsylvania Dutch and German American be as tautologic as ox-beef, Hebrew-Jew, or the like. With respect to your last success—well, I thank you a thousand times for combining forever the tones of Schiller's Bell and the notes of the wood-thrush and other choristers of Appalachia."

"Beautiful, Correct, Rhythmic."

The Harrisburg *Evening Star* says :

"We have long known Mr. Zimmerman's love for the Muses, but had no idea that so beautiful, so correct, so rhythmic a rendition of one of the great German's greatest poetic effusions could be produced in English. Mr. Zimmerman has done so, and the sons and descendants of *das Vaterland* owe him a debt of gratitude."

Rev. Dr. Mann's Eloquent Tribute.

Rev. W. J. Mann, D.D., of Philadelphia, perhaps the foremost German pulpit orator in America, under date of February 27th, writes as follows :

"THOMAS C. ZIMMERMAN, Esq.—*Dear Sir* :—So much has been said in praise of your excellent translation of Schiller's "Glocke" that whatever I might say cannot add one leaf to the wreath of laurels encircling your head. Perhaps it might not be unwelcome to you to hear that one of the greatest in the line of literary criticism, Wilhelm von Humboldt, once remarked that Schiller's 'Glocke' was the song which embodied in its sentiments the entire scale of feelings of which the human soul was capable. The 'Glocke' has not lost in this respect by being by you recast in the English mould."

High Praise from Rev. W. H. Myers.

In his "At Leisure" paper contributed to *The Lutheran* of January 31st, Rev. W. H. Myers, of this city, pays the following high compliment to the translator of "The Song of the Bell" and his work:

When Col. T. C. Zimmerman, quite recently, published at the request of *The Lutheran*, his new translation of Luther's Battle-Hymn, a spontaneous literary ovation overwhelmed him. The secular and religious press from every side at once popularized the excellent rendition, and intensified the beauty and strength of the original hymn itself—one of the richest legacies of the Lutheran Church.

Mr. Zimmerman's genius, as a translator from German into English, is even better demonstrated in his masterly rendition of 'Schiller's Song of the Bell,' just brought to public notice. It was first read before a large assemblage in the Reading Academy of Music last week, and was afterwards printed in the Reading *TIRES*, where the German and English appear side by side. Those who are interested in the poem would do well to secure it in this shape by sending for copies of the *TIRES*.

The great German lyric bard is not so easily approached by the translator. His classical metres were not popular in this country until recently. Then, too, he is often mystical, and this, together with the peculiar metre, makes the rendition of his writings into English a difficult task.

"The Song of the Bell" rides on the top crest of Schiller's popularity. Its varied intonations are as rich as the sounding metal of the Bell itself. No wonder so many translators have labored over its eccentric lines, oft weird, oft exhilarating—few of the translations can be praised for fidelity to the original.

I have before me Edgar Alfred Bowring's effort. Men of greater literary fame have risked their reputation on Schiller's poem—but this modest tribute is not eclipsed by any more popularly accepted authority.

We need not necessarily have the instinct of the more astute critic to affirm that the translation of T. C. Zimmerman strikes one as pre-eminently masterly. The faithful art-student of poesy may linger and pick flaws in detail if he will—there is much in *feeling* that a thing is right. The deep poetic feeling of the bard appeals more to the heart than to the head of the reader. Our translator has caught the spirit of the varied intonations of the poem most faithfully—the

scenes shift in their moods like sunshine playing through rushing clouds. Humor it has none, for Schiller had none—but a mixture of solid repose and a surprised influx of thrilling pathos, chased out again by light-hearted playfulness. It is not art, but genius that can reflect this poem in another tongue.

The opening verses describing the casting of the bell, are full of stately sentiments and philosophic truths capable of much artificial bungling in the translation—but there is nothing labored in the knottiest parts.

The revelry of love and its beautiful attainment—the hymeneal altar, as pictured by Schiller, has not suffered by the translation. It retains the measured intonations of the bell—

See the pipes already browning!

This small bar I dip therein;

If it show a glazed coating,

Then the castings may begin.

Workmen, quickly go,

Prove the mixture's flow.

When soot and brittle fuse together,

'Tis a sign propitious ever.

For when the stern and soft are sharing,

And strength with gentleness is pairing,

The harmony is sweet and strong.

Who, therefore, would be bound forever,

Must see that hearts agree together!

Illusion's brief, repentance long.

Lovely, is the bride's fair tresses,

Plays the virgin wreath of green,

When the merry church bells, ringing,

Summon to the joyous scene.

Ah! life's sweetest festal moments

Also end life's sunny May,

With the veil, and with the girdle,

Fond illusions fade away.

For passion will fly,

But love be surviving;

The flower must die,

The fruitage be thriving.

The man must be out

In life's battle fighting,

Be struggling and striving,

And planting and working,

No artifice shirking,

Be risking and staking,

His fortune o'er-taking.

Taking all in all, I think the translator has shown himself most masterly in the thrilling, exciting alarm that he creates in the unhesitating, even strokes of the following lines. The picture is real, and not a single misplacing of word or metre breaks the spell of your excitement—

How friendly is the fire's might,

When tamed by being watched aright;

And what man fashions, what creates,

From this heaven-born force he takes.

But fearful this promethean wonder,

When its fetters break asunder,

And madly leaps unchecked along!

Dame Nature's daughter, free and strong!

Woe, when once 'tis liberated,

Spreading free on every hand:

Through the streets, like fiend unsated,

Quickly moves the monstrous brand!

By the elements is hated

Work that's done by human hand.

From the clouds come
Richest blessing,
Rains refreshing;
From the clouds, 'mid thunder's crash,
Lightnings flash.
Hear'st from yon spire the wild alarm?
That's the storm!
Red as blood
Are the skies;
That is not the daylight's flood.
What tumults rise
Along each street!
Up, smoke and heat.
Through the streets, with fury flaring,
Stalks the fire with fiendish glaring,
Rushing as if the whirlwind sharing!
Like the blast from furnace flashing
Gloves the air, and beams are crashing,
Pillars tumbling, windows creaking,
Mothers wandering, children shrieking
Beasts are moaning,
Running, groaning
'Neath the ruins; all are frightened,
Bright as day the night enlightened.
Through the chain of hands, extending,
Wi' zeal contending,
Flies the bucket; bow-like, soaring,
High in air the stream is pouring.
Comes the tempest, howling, roaring,
Rushing in the path of flame,
Crackling 'mid the well-dried grain,
In the gran'ry chambers falling,
'Long the well-dried rafters bawling;
As if 'twould surely tear, in blowing,
The very earth itself and bear
It upwards through the lurid air.
High as heaven the flames are growing—
Giant tall!
Hopeless, all,
Man submits to might o'erpow'ring;
Idly sees, what first seemed low'ring,
His work to sure destruction going.

All burnt out are
Town and village,
Rugged beds of the tempest's pillage.
In the hollow gaping windows
Gloom is sitting,
And the clouds, through heaven flitting,
Look within.

One look at last
Where the measure
Of his treasure
Buried lies, man turns to cast—
Then clutches he his staff with pleasure.
Whate'er the flames took from his home,
One solace ever him consoleth:
He counts the heads of those he loveth,
And lo! not one dear head is gone.

There is much of the rural repose of
"Gray's Elegy" in the following lines—
much of the English dignity—

Filled with grain
Reels the wagon,
Heavy-laden.
Bright with leaves
On golden sheaves
Garlands glance,
And the youngest of the reapers
Seek the dance.
Street and market grow more silent;
Household inmates now are seeking
The cheering glow of lighted tapers,
And closing town-gates gain are creaking.
Darkness spreadeth
O'er the landscape;
But the honest burgher dreadeth
Not the night,
Which alarm to evil spreadeth;
For the eye of Law keeps watch aright.

Shakesperean in its cast are the following lines. The English has the sturdy strength of the warlike passions it depicts:

"Equal'ty and Freedom!" men are shrilling,
To arms the peaceful burghers fly,
The streets and halls with crowds are filling,
And murd'rous bands around there lie.
Then women, to hyenas turning,
'Mid horrors mock and jeer and jest,
And tear, with panther's frenzy burning,
The heart from every hostile breast.
There's naught that's sacred more, for breaking
Are all the bonds of pious fear,
The bad the good one's place is taking,
Vice knows no law in its career.
'Tis dangerous to wake the lion,
Destructive is the tiger's tooth,
But far more fierce, and far more fiendish,
Deluded man bereft of ruth.
Woe to them who lend the sightless
The heavenly torch to light the way!
It guides them not, it can but kindle,
And towns and lands in ashes lay.

The reaction of the poem is well arrested in the dropping of the curtain upon it all. We are satisfied with the bell, and quite ready at last to consign it to its exalted place—

And now employ the cable's power,
Raise the bell from out the ground,
That in its roomy, air-built tower,
It may reach the realms of sound!
Higher, higher raise!
Now it moves, it sways!
To this city Joy revealing,
Be PEACE the first note of its pealing.

A San Francisco Lady's Inquiry.

The following letter, written in German (herewith translated) is from a lady in San Francisco, from which place it was mailed on the 11th instant:

"MR. THOS C. ZIMMERMAN, *Editor of the Times*.—HONORED SIR:—May I trespass upon your kindness by asking you to please inform me from whom your translation of Schiller's *Glocke* (Bell), commented on in our papers, may be obtained?

You will not only thankfully oblige me by this information, but also afford several ladies of my acquaintance the great pleasure of enjoying the beauties of this wonderful and incomparable poem.

Hoping you may kindly gratify my wish, I subscribe myself, with the greatest consideration,

FRANCISCA MANTELL.

Thomas MacKellar's Compliment.

Thomas MacKellar, Esq., of the firm of MacKellar, Smiths & Jordan, type-founders, Philadelphia, sends the following under date of yesterday:

"One who can translate so well will surely distinguish himself by original work."

Rev. Mr. Cleveland's Words of Praise.

Rev. H. A. Cleveland, D.D., of Indianapolis, Ind., formerly of this city, writes under date of the 18th instant:

T. C. ZIMMERMAN.—*Dear Sir*—I was delighted when I saw your 'Song of the Bell.' Your hand has yet its cunning and knows how to turn the glowing German of Schiller into glorious English. No one who is not himself a poet could translate as you have translated. Your rendering enables English readers to see, as they never before have seen, why it is that Schiller has won and held the hearts of the German people. Thanks for your insight and wonderful interpretation. Long may you live and with your fine frenzy make glad many readers as in the pealing notes of this "Song of the Bell" your "revealing" has done

Sup't Buehrle's Congratulation.

R. K. Buehrle, Ph. D., city superintendent of the public schools of Lancaster, writes under date of the 18th inst.:

"Having been an advocate of the study of German in our common schools now for upwards of twenty years, and having taught classes pursuing the study of that language during almost all that time, and have given more than ordinary attention to metre and versification, I may perhaps be permitted to say that I know something of the difficulty of preserving the metre of the original in the translation into English of so highly artistic a poem as the "Song of the Bell." Let the "well done" of your old friend, though it come late, not be less grateful to you, but may it rather stir you up to continue in the good work of acquainting the Germanic peoples more thoroughly with each other, by enabling this English-speaking nation also to enjoy the beautiful creations of the 'divine art' now laid up in the younger sister language."

Franklin B. Gowen's Congratulations.

The following letter written on the 22d of February explains itself:

My Dear Sir—I am obliged by your favor of the 14th instant, enclosing your admirable translation of "Das Lied von der Glocke," which I have read with great pleasure. You are to be congratulated upon the excellence of your work, and especially upon having succeeded in rendering a very faithful translation into very spirited English verse.

FRANKLIN B. GOWEN.

Prof. J. H. Dubbs's Compliment.

Jos. Henry Dubbs, Professor in Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, writes as follows:

FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL COLLEGE.
LANCASTER, Pa., Feb. 25, 1889.

My Dear Mr. Zimmerman—I have read your poetic versions with the keenest interest, regarding them as possessed of a very high order of merit. Good metrical translators are more rare than original poets, and their work is deserving of high appreciation. It not only involves great labor but demands peculiar talents. Poets, like Coleridge, Longfellow and Bayard Taylor have always regarded their metrical versions as equal in rank to their best original work.

The extraordinary success which has attended your labors induced me to hope that you will continue to cultivate this beautiful field. It is a grand thing to convey the best thoughts of the greatest men from one language to another, and thus to make them the property of another people. May we not hope that such work will also have a tendency to induce the young to honor their German ancestry, and to appreciate the precious literary treasures of the fatherland?

Another Congratulation from the Pacific Coast.

Mrs. M. P. Biddle, wife of Noble Biddle, Esq., a prominent attorney-at-law in San Jose, Cal., writes under date of the 12th thus:

MR. T. C. ZIMMERMAN.—*Dear Friend*: As the "Song of the Bell" rang out its notes of sadness and of gladness, in the new translation, to me in my home of the setting sun, I, too, join in the "well-done" and offer my congratulations.

Letter from the Illinois Staats-Zeitung.

The following letter from the Illinois *Staats-Zeitung*, the great German newspaper of the Northwest, tells its own story:

"We certainly take the greatest interest in an American who has so much love for our German poets as to undertake a translation of their works."

Just as Schiller Wrote It.

The Wilkesbarre *Record* of the 19th instant, has the following:

"Col Zimmerman is to be congratulated on the elegant diction and completeness of his translation, which gives the English reader Schiller's beautiful poem just as he wrote it."

Prof. Seidensticker's High Praise.

Prof. Oswald Seidensticker, the eminent *litterateur*, who fills one of the most important chairs in the Faculty of the University of Pennsylvania, writes from Philadelphia under the date of March 4th instant, as follows :

PHILADELPHIA March 4, 1889.

THOMAS C. ZIMMERMAN, ESQ.—*Dear Mr. Zimmerman*.—Schiller's *Song of the Bell* is of all lyrics of our great poet the most unique and precious, and the admiration with which it was hailed nearly a century ago has not abated since. Hence translations into other languages foremost the English, have not been wanting. But so intimately is the spirit of the poem blended with its sonorous language and its versatile rhythm that the recasting into the mould of a foreign tongue has its peculiar difficulties. Many able men have undertaken the task and the successive attempts show a remarkable scale of improvement, as everybody must admit who compares the spirited but totally inadequate rendering of Bulwer with your own translation, which combines exactness, faithful observance of all rhythmical niceties and a fine appreciation of the poet's intention. I hope the skill which you have exhibited as a translator and the general applause with which your efforts have been rewarded, may induce you to offer in English garb many more treasures from the inexhaustible mine of German *poesie*."

A Poet's Congratulations.

H. L. Fisher, Esq., attorney-at-law, York, Pa., and author of several volumes of poems, in the English and Pennsylvania-German, contributed the following to the columns of the York *Daily* of a recent date :

"Of the several translations of this acknowledged masterpiece of one of Germany's many great poets, I have been familiar with but two, Longfellow's and Hempel's. As has been so well said by several of Mr. Zimmerman's critics, the beauty if not the excellence of his English versions, notably of the one more immediately under consideration, consists in that—which is the highest proof of genius—a fairly true and faithful expression of the sense without, in the least, impairing the sound—the music—of the original, or, (in my own more homely words,) it is like transplanting the stalk, the bush of full-blown roses, in a noon-day summer's sun, while the flowers wilt not nor is aught of their fragrance lost.

Or, may I say, it is like rebuilding the belfry while the Song of the Bell goes on, without suffering even a discord from the sound of the (Zimmerman's) hammer. This is the work, not of the scholar, merely, but of the artist, the genius.

"To further illustrate my meaning, it is only necessary to bring into contrast the first stanzas of two or three translations mentioned, in juxtaposition with the original :

Fest gemauert in der Erden
Stehst die Form, aus Lehm gebrannt,
Heute muss die Glocke werden!
Frisch, Gesellen, seid zur Hand!
Von der Stirne heiss,
Rinnen muss der Schweiss,
Soll dass Werk der Meister loben;
Doch der Segen kommt von oben.

—Schiller.

Fast in its prison walls of earth,
Awaits the mould of bak-ed clay.
Up, comrades, up, and aid the birth—
The Bell that shall be born to-day!
Who would honor obtain,
With the sweat and the pain,
The praise that man gives to the master must
buy!
But the blessings withal must descend from on
high!

—Hempel

Firmly walled in earth, and steady,
Stands the mold of well-burnt clay.
Quick, now, workmen, be ye ready!
Forth must come the bell to-day!
Hot from forehead's glow
Must the sweat-drops flow,
Should the master praise be given;
Yet the blessing comes from Heaven.

—Zimmerman.

What the *Westliche Post* Says.

A marked copy of the *Westliche Post*, the great German newspaper of the West, published at St. Louis, was sent to the office of the *TIIMES*. It contained the following paragraph :

"There are already existing a number of excellent translations into the English of the "Bell," from Bulwer's to Rev. Furness's, of Philadelphia, which, up to the present time, has been judged to be the best, but which, indeed, is excelled by that of Mr. Zimmerman in the accuracy of the rendition of the original."

High Compliments from Lebanon.

[From the Lebanon Courier.]

Mr. Thomas C. Zimmerman, editor of the Reading *TIIMES*, in whom Lebanon, and the *Courier* office particularly, feel a pride, is now the acknowledged most successful translator of German poetry that has ever essayed that work. With a profound understanding of the German language, and true poetic inspiration, German poetry in no way loses force nor beauty in his translations.

The Luther Hymn.

Following is an extract from a sermon preached in Salem's Lutheran church at Lebanon, by Rev. Theodore E. Schmauk, on Mr. Zimmerman's translation of "*Ein' feste Burg* :

A native of Lebanon has been led to link his name with Luther's, and as a consequence "no small stir" has arisen throughout these regions. Our representative townspeople have been moved to express a glowing appreciation of the work of both, and also of that hymn for the ages, which Carlyle compares to "a sound of Alpine avalanches, or the first murmur of earthquakes," whose weighty, though rugged resonance will be prolonged, and whose faith-inspired and faith-inspiring outbursts will rise to the skies long after "Hold the Fort" with its transient fervor will have passed away with the hosts of ephemeral songs of to-day and been buried in the grave of oblivion.

Thus one of our prominent citizens writes to the new translator: "The rendition of the soul-stirring hymn of Luther I regard as your crowning effort. It makes my blood tingle when reading it. Oh, that we would realize at every step of our weary pilgrimage, that, '*Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott*'. Who can estimate what the outcome of such a faith would be? You have done a public service in placing a thorough translation of the grand old lyric in the hands of our people, especially the rising generation God bless you."

One of our leading ladies of the Presbyterian church writes: "I thank you for the pleasure the reading of your fine translation of Luther's noble hymn has given me * * * * That the simple, yet lofty faith and exultation in one 'Mighty to Save,' breathed forth in every stanza of the hymn may ever be the expression of your heart as well as your pen, is the best wish I can offer you."

Another writes: "A work of inspira-

tion. Great in burning, thrilling, poetical development."

These words are spray-drops from a wave of enthusiasm that has rolled widely beyond local bounds, reaching even to the sunny slopes of California. Ex-Governor Hoyt writes to the translator. "There is such a general consensus of opinion from those entitled to speak of your translation of Luther's Battle Hymn of the Reformation," that I add my congratulations with something of diffidence. If Luther's hymn in the original is as good for a 'German' as yours is for an 'American' it is good enough." Prof. Porter of Lafayette College speaks to the public in a translation of his own. Dr. Jacobs of the Philadelphia Theological Seminary does the same. An unpublished one of Dr. Seiss, the eloquent Lutheran pulpit orator, is brought to light. Geo. W. Childs publishes a long complimentary article in the Philadelphia *Ledger*, and takes occasion to write personally several times. A Presbyterian clergyman from Detroit, Michigan, writes: "It is remarkably well done, preserving the simplicity and majesty while it presents the force and characteristic ruggedness of the famous stirring hymn. Your verse is altogether good, and has the ring of battle throughout. 'A Rock-bound Fortress is our God,' could not be improved, and see that you put no file upon the last four lines." Similar strains come from a prominent clergyman in Philadelphia, and from many quarters, but perhaps the most surprising tribute to the hymn and its author is the one coming from a Methodist pulpit. Such a glorious eulogy of Luther, and his faith, and his heart, and his singing, have rarely been heard from even a Lutheran pulpit. He is described as belonging to every age—to every country—to every church—as the "solar center of undulations which have filled the world with light and glory, and those undulations shall continue so long as the

es of the ocean shall beat upon the
res of time and even into the great
ond."

Talk of Putting it in the Hymn-Books.

The *Westliche Post* of St. Louis, Mo., the most influential German newspaper of the West, formerly owned by Joseph Ulitzer, of the New York *World*, and at one time edited by Carl Schurz, says: "In another part of to-day's paper is printed, side by side with the German original text, an English translation of Martin Luther's '*Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott.*' The transferring into English is the meritorious work of Thos. C. Zimmerman, editor of the *Reading Times*. So beautiful is the translation, that there is already talk of substituting it for the present version in the English Lutheran hymn books.

Reception of the Song in the Fifth Street M. E. Church.

Following is from the *READING TIMES* of February 27, 1888:

Standing room was held at premium in the Fifth Street M. E. church last evening, aisles, gallery and every available space about the large auditorium being crowded with an anxious and expectant audience to hear Mrs. James C. Brown, assisted by a special choir, under the direction of Mr. T. W. Frescoln, render Mr. T. C. Zimmerman's translation of Luther's great battle hymn, "*Ein' feste Burg.*" Among the audience were a large number of prominent citizens and members of other congregations. That the rendition of the hymn was appreciated by the large congregation is shown in the fact that the choir was requested to repeat the first stanza, and gratefully complied. The soloist, Mrs. Brown, as well as the members of the choir, were complimented on all sides, and certainly deserved it all. The stanzas were sung alternately as solo and chorus, and were rendered with fine effect.

After a brief introductory service Rev. S. H. Hoover preached on the text, "*Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott.*" Following is the concluding paragraph:

"I esteem it both a privilege and an honor to introduce to this vast audience and to the singing world of God's worshippers what will probably come to be regarded as the best translation of the immortal battle-hymn of the Reformation, though it has been singing in cathedral, temple, meeting-house, in the cloisters of the saints, for nearly four hundred years.

I refer to the translation from the pen of our talented fellow-townsman, Mr. Thomas C. Zimmerman, editor of the *READING TIMES*. He has not only stormed and taken "*Ein' feste Burg.*" but captured the hearts also of the sweet singers of Israel. How was it done? Whence his secret! May it not lie in this, that, discarding all other translations, he drew himself up so close to the original that the heart of the great reformer telephoned across the centuries its own swing of rugged force and defiance, so that it is not the editor of the *TIMES*, but the Reformer himself who sings."

Dr. Mann's Eloquent Tribute.

The late Rev. W. J. Mann, D. D., of Philadelphia, probably the foremost German Lutheran preacher in this country, wrote as follows:

"He (Martin Luther) has set aglow the musical genius and the imaginative powers of artists, and now he has by his magic art elicited from you a brilliant spark and poured a flood of light upon that soul-stirring '*Ein' feste Burg.*' It takes a poet to be moved by a poet. Let me congratulate you on your eminent success in most happily—not translating, but—reproducing in the cognate English language that emperor among the royal assembly of ancient German church songs."

Rev. Dr. Schmucker's Tribute.

The late Rev. B. M. Schmucker, D. D., said among other things:

"Mr. Zimmerman's translation has so many excellencies that it must be placed in the list of those which deserve special attention, and by their merits demand the consideration of those who seek for, and would use the hymn in English.

* * * "When I consider the translations of this hymn which so many men and women eminent for their poetic gifts and for their experience as translators have produced. I am the more impressed with the distinction and honor due to Mr. Zimmerman for the very excellent and commendable rendering of it which he has given us."

What the Phila. Ledger Says.

* * * Mr. Zimmerman has not only seized the meaning of the author, but he has so put it into an English clothing as to show that the real bone and sinew of the original still live in its new dress.

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